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PAUL LAROON:

—OR,—

THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEATH-PLOT.

The turret chamber was so called from being situated below one of the turrets of the building, the other turret being raised upon the centre, and consequently over the hall. This chamber was in the southwest corner of the building, and overlooked the stream which ran through the yard. In this chamber the stranger guest was put to sleep. There were two doors leading from it, and these he locked before he retired.

It was midnight, and the man slept soundly. He heard no noise—no sound disturbed him. Upon that side of the room near the foot of the bed a secret door was opened. It was a door which no stranger could have ever discovered, for it was only one broad panel made to swing back. This panel opened, and Marl Laroon entered the room in his stocking feet. He stood where he first entered until he heard the low deep, regular breathing of one in a sound sleep, and then he approached the bed. He moved to the head of it, and carefully held up a pocket-lantern so that its rays could not fall upon the face. Then he moved down the coverlid and the sheet, working as carefully as a mother would handle her sick infant. Then he opened the shirt at its bosom, and soon the broad, full breast was exposed, and there was a deep, heavy scar there, running from the upper point of the right collar-bone to the centre breast. A single instant the pirate looked at that scar, and then he put back the clothing he had removed. He stopped not to examine anything else, but stealthily he glided away from the place, and noiselessly closed the panel after him.

"I knew him at first!" he muttered to himself, after he had gained the hall. "*Why did he come?*"

One long hour the pirate walked up and down the wide hall with the lantern in his hand. Then he went out into the court, and crossed over to the low building against the wall where the male slaves slept. He entered here and awoke a slave—an Indian named Warda. As soon as the fellow knew who it was that called him, he leaped out of bed. He was not a powerfully built man, being rather light than otherwise, but his very movement just made showed him to possess uncommon activity, while his face revealed a disposition capable of anything, from a petty falsehood up to the most foul murder.

"Warda," whispered Marl, "come with me."

The slave threw a blanket over his shoulders and followed his master out into the court. The rain had ceased falling, and the clouds were fast rolling off, but yet the air was chilly, and the pirate captain entered the building he had left, and pursued his way to the very apartment where he had received his guest the night before.

Marl Laroon did not dream that his motions were all watched. He did not see the dark, slight figure that hung upon his steps like a shadow. When he entered the great drawing-room he did not notice that through another door a dim figure flitted and lay concealed beneath a wide ottoman while he talked.

"Warda," commenced Marl, as soon as the door was closed behind them, "did you see the stranger who came here last night?"

"No, master." This man talked with the same idiom that marked Otehewa's language, and which it would be wholly useless to attempt to follow.

"A stranger did come, and he sleeps now in the turret chamber. I think he will leave here to morrow for the estate of Lopez Garonne. If he does I shall send you to show him the way. Do you understand?"

"So far, master."

"Before he reaches Garonne's I would like to have him turn off and visit that place from which men never come back. Do you understand me now?"

"I think so."

"I would have you sure."

"I am sure that you want the man killed."

"Exactly, Warda. And I want it done without mistake."

"I understand that."

"Now mark me: Do this faithfully, and you shall have Otehewa for your wife."

The red man clasped his hands with savage, sensual joy; but they fell to his side in a moment more, and in a tone of doubt he said:

"But the young mis'as wont let me have her."

"As soon as the young mistress is my wife the maid shall be yours; and that will be very soon. Do this for me—faithfully and surely, without mistake, and without a third person's ever knowing it—and Otehewa shall be yours as I live!"

"I'll kill a thousand enemies for you at that price," uttered Warda, with sparkling eyes of vengeful joy.

Long had Warda loved the bright-eyed maid of the Muyscas, but she would never yet be his, for she loved him not, and to protect herself from his importunities she had persuaded Mary to forbid him ever again to molest her maid with his propositions of love. Laroon knew all this, and though Warda would have obeyed him without such reward, yet he knew that such a course would ensure more complete success.

"What weapon will you take?" asked the pirate.

"I'll carry all three," answered the Indian. "The sword, the knife, and the pistol; and I'll use which comes handiest. I can perhaps put a pistol to his head and finish him the quickest. But he shall die before he reaches Lopez Garonne's. I'll take him in the ravine beyond the bluffs. Nobody will hear a pistol there, and I can throw the body down among the rocks, and it'll be eaten up in a few days."

"Then it is all understood," said Marl. "Now remember: When the stranger—Mr. Fox—is ready to set out, I shall send you with him as a guide. You know the rest."

"But if he don't want a guide?"

"I think he will. But if he don't, then follow him. It's all the same."

"I understand."

And so the master and the slave separated, and the master went now to seek his rest. Otehewa crawled out from beneath the ottoman, and having assured herself that the pirate's work for the night was done, she too, went away to sleep.

It was late on the following morning when the stranger guest arose. He found that he had slept long and soundly, but that was no wonder, for he had been very much fatigued when he went to bed. But he did not feel so much refreshed as one might have expected from such a sleep—he felt a sort of lassitude—a dull, leaden feeling. Yet many people feel so after a very hard sleep induced by excessive exercise. When James Fox reached the hall he found that breakfast was not yet ready, for Laroon himself was not up.

The morning was bright and beautiful, and the atmosphere, purified by the late storm, now dwelt upon the scene loaded with the grateful incense of a thousand sweet shrubs and flowers. The guest saw the garden from one of the back windows of the hall, and he resolved to walk out there and snuff up the fresh air, feeling sure that it would start up his blood and quicken his senses. So to the garden he went, and he was not disappointed in the effects. He had walked some dozen times up and down the main path, and was just stopping in front of a bower of vines, when he heard light footsteps near him, and on turning he saw the same bright-eyed Indian girl whom he had seen so attentive to Mary the night before, and whom he had heard her call Otehewa. The girl came close to him, and then having cast a quick glance about her, she said, in a low whisper:

"You are going to Lopez Garonne's to-day?"

"I had thought of it," returned Fox, with some surprise.

"Go—go. Go this forenoon," said Otehewa.

"Marl Laroon seeks your life!"

"Ha! He knows me then?"

"Yes. He entered your room last night, and laid your bosom bare. He gazed upon it, and then all his doubts were removed."

"But I locked every door."

"There were some doors you could not lock. You were put in that chamber on purpose for the use of its secret doors, and the old woman who gave you drink last night, put a sleeping potion in it."

"Ah, then Laroon knows me—and well he might if he saw that mark, for he put it there himself. But how do you know he means to take my life?"

The Indian girl smiled faintly, and then related all the conversation she had heard between the captain and Warda, only leaving out what related to herself.

"And now," continued the girl, "you see you must go to the other estate, and you must take the guide, too, for if you do not, they will contrive some other means for your death of which you may gain no warning; and hence you would be likely to fall without the power of defending yourself."

The man understood it all, and after a few moments' thought he said:

"I shall certainly do as you advise; but tell me why you have taken such an interest in my behalf. You never saw me before!"

"Paul and Mary have been my friends, sir; and at this moment I would lay down my poor life for them."

"But what have I to do with them?" asked the stranger, somewhat moved, and eyeing the girl sharply.

"You do not need instruction on that point from me, sir. *I am not blind!*"

James Fox knew very well that his secret had been penetrated by this dark skinned girl. He watched her calm countenance for a few moments, and then he asked:

"Does Mary, or Paul, know what you know of me?"

"No, sir. You can see that they both feel drawn towards you, but wonder and curiosity take precedence of all other ideas with them," she replied.

"My blessed angel," cried the old gentleman, reaching forth his hands, and drawing the slight form to his embrace, "how shall I reward you for this?"

"I am already rewarded, sir. The gratitude of one like you is reward enough. But I may ask more at your hands one of these days. Hark! They are calling to breakfast. Go you in, and I will follow afterwards. Do not speak to me again. Look to your pistols in secret, and mind that Warda rides not behind you on the way. You will know the ravine when you come to it, and there your guide will do the deed if you let him!"

Thus speaking the girl glided away; and Fox, as soon as he was sure his face was calm, returned to the house. He found the morning's meal prepared, and his host was up to receive him. Never was Marl Laroon more kind and smiling in his manner. He embraced his guest cordially, and expatiated upon the beauty of the morning.

Paul and Mary were also there, and the young man still manifested the same anxious curiosity that had marked his manner on the previous evening. He gazed into the stranger's face, and he wondered if Laroon had told him the truth when he said that this could only be a man who had once lived near him. But he had no opportunity to question the stranger, for Laroon did not once leave him after breakfast. The pirate captain meant that no conversation should be held that he could not hear, and for the present he succeeded. Mr. Fox manifested a desire several times to speak a few words in private with both the youth and the maiden, but he did not find an opportunity, for Laroon hung about him like a twin of Siam. Once he had a single moment while he stood by the side of Mary, and he whispered in her ear

"Can you trust that young, beautiful Indian girl?"

"With my very life and soul!" quickly responded Mary.

This was all, for on the next moment Laroon was by them.

It was ten o'clock when the guest said he must be on his way to the next estate. Marl urged him to stop, but Fox said he must go.

"You will want a guide," said the buccaneer, frankly.

"Is the path blind?"

"There are a number of them, and you will surely miss your way alone."

"Would you as lief spare me a guide as not?"

"Certainly," uttered Laroon, with a strange sparkle of the eye which his guest did not fail to notice.

"Then I shall not only accept your offer, but your man shall be amply rewarded," replied Fox, as he prepared to go.

CHAPTER XX.

THE INDIAN GUIDE. ANOTHER NEW-COMER.

It was eleven o'clock before the stranger set out on his way to the upper estate. He drank a hearty draught of native wine after having seen Laroon drink from the same flask, and then mounted his horse. He had carefully loaded his pistols, arranged the priming very nicely, and picked the flints so that they should not miss of throwing good fire. His guide was an Indian, a finely built, muscular fellow, not more than five-and-twenty years of age, and showing in his countenance a goodly share of intelligence and cunning.

Mark Laroon wished his guest a prosperous journey, for which he was duly thanked, and then Mr. Fox set out. For some distance he and his guide rode side by side, and though Fox tried to engage the fellow in conversation he found it extremely difficult to get much out of him. The fellow was not surly nor clownish, but he appeared to be diffident, and at times he manifested a desire to remain wholly silent even when the most simple questions were asked.

"This path seems perfectly plain," said the gentleman, after they had ridden some three miles along a wide cart-road.

"It's different after we pass the *ravine*," returned Warda, unintentionally laying a peculiar stress upon the last word.

"The ravine?" repeated Fox. "Where is that?"

"O, some five miles ahead."

"Ah." That was all Fox said in reply, for he saw that the Indian did not like to talk, and he feared that if he made him nervous he would be in a hurry to put his wicked purpose into execution.

It was a beautiful ride, for the path ran along upon the river's bank, and the foliage was lovely in the extreme. Yet the traveller did not find much time or inclination to enjoy it, for his mind was busy in another quarter. Sometimes the road took a curve away from the river to avoid the high bluffs which overtowered the bank; and at length Fox saw, at some distance ahead, a bluff higher than any of the others, and from the nature of the place he concluded that it must be the spot where he was to be put out of the way. If he had any doubts on this point they were soon removed, for the guide began to show symptoms of anxiety, though they were so well guarded that a person might never have detected them without some pre-possessed clue to them.

"You see that high bluff," he said, pointing to the place in question.

"Yes," returned Fox, with apparent interest.

"The ravine of which I spoke lies just beyond. The path after that is very blind.'

"Ah. Then I'm glad you have come with me, for it is not very pleasant to lose one's way in such woods."

Finally the place was approached, and Fox could see most of its peculiarities. Towards the river the rocks were piled up as though by some mighty convulsion, while to the left was a deep gorge over which ran a sort of natural bridge of rock. Or rather this bridge seemed more properly to be a shelf of the bluff. Just as they reached this point the guide uttered an exclamation of dissatisfaction.

"Bah! My saddle-girth has broken," he said. "You ride on, sir, and I will follow you as soon as I have fixed it."

Fox was now behind his guide, and as he saw the fellow slip from his saddle he drew up his own horse. His first impulse was to cast his eyes over the strange, wild scene ahead. The gorge, or ravine, was very deep, with rough, jagged sides, and with a bottom of huge rocks, over which the torrent was evidently wont to dash during the season of heavy rains and freshets, though the place was dry now. But the most peculiar feature of all was, a wide, naturally arched tunnel which extended through the bottom of the bluff to the river. The path was very narrow, not wide enough for a cart, all articles which needed to be transported from side to side being generally carried by pack mules, though the more common mode of transportation from the upper estate was by the river. This path upon the shelf or bridge of rock was not over four feet wide in any place, and certainly a hundred yards in length, while the gorge extended away to the left until it became lost in the distant forest.

"Come," uttered the guide, somewhat impatiently, "ride on, and I will soon overtake you."

"It is not proper for a guided party to ride ahead of the guide," replied Fox, carelessly, having first seen that his pistols were at hand, and noiselessly cockin one of them.

"But you had better ride on now," urged the guide, "for you have no time to lose."

"I am in no hurry."

"But I am."

"Then we will ride the faster when we get started again."

Warda was not only perplexed, but much agitated. He found that the stranger's eye was steadily upon him, and his every movement watched. But soon he seemed to gain confidence, and with a steadier hand he patched the girth with a thong where he had himself cut it, and in a few moments more he was in his saddle.

"Now you may ride on," he said, "for my horse is not safe with another behind him. He will not go over with the sound of hoofs in his rear."

"Then," replied Fox, who could not help smiling at the fellow's quaint ingenuity, "I will not start until you are across. Now, if you are in a hurry, *move!*"

This last sentence was spoken sharply, and with a half-smothered oath the fellow started on. Fox waited until he had gained the opposite side, and then he followed him. When the traveller reached the spot where his guide stood, the latter rode on ahead at a brisk trot, and Fox followed at a respectful distance. Soon the gentleman saw Warda place his right hand in his bosom, and when he withdrew it he had a pistol in it. The Indian supposed he had accomplished this without being noticed. On the next instant Fox heard a sharp *click click*—and he knew that the pistol was cocked! and from the way in which the fellow's right elbow was bent he knew that the weapon was held ready for firing. Fox drew his own pistol, which was already cocked, and held it beneath the skirt of his frock, by bringing the skirt up over his saddle-bow.

Suddenly the Indian drew in his horse by a powerful movement, and quickly changing his pistol into the left hand, he cried out, in a wild, strange tone, at the same time pointing off over the river:

"*See there! See there!*"

James Fox had seen the whole process, and he knew full well that if he did not now act promptly he should have a ball through his head before he could prevent it. He waited until he saw the Indian reach back with his right hand for the pistol, and then he knew the crisis had come. It was hard to take the life of a fellow, but now he had his choice—to fall by the hands of an assassin, and thus leave this villain to do more murder, while at the same time a still darker villain would be left behind with a defenceless maiden in his grasp—or to save his own life, and thus live to accomplish a work which justice and mercy and love demanded at his hands. These thoughts flashed through his mind like lightning, and on the next instant his course was clear.

"Look! look!" cried the guide.

Fox saw the villain's finger now upon the trigger of his pistol. With a firm hand he drew in his rein, and as his horse settled back he quickly brought his own pistol to within a yard of the assassin's head and fired. The guide's horse bounded forward at the sound of the report, and the Indian was thrown upon the ground. He had uttered no cry, for the ball had passed through his brain, and the force of the concussion, even without the ball, so near his head, would have stunned him for awhile.

James Fox dismounted and stooped over the prostrate Indian, but life was extinct, and after dragging the body out from the path, so that his horse could pass freely along, he remounted and rode on, taking no notice of the guide's horse which had now stopped as though waiting for its rider.

* * * *

Towards the middle of the afternoon Marl Laroon began to look for his slave whom he had sent to guide James Fox, but the hours passed away until near nightfall, and he did not come. The buccaneer now became uneasy, and he sent off two of his most trusty men to hunt Warda up if possible. These two—they were negroes—took their horses, and they were directed to follow the path to Lopez Garonne's, and look carefully for the missing man.

"Be sure and examine well about the great bluff and ravine," said Marl, in conclusion, "*for* there is a dangerous place. Hasten, now."

Half an hour after the negroes had gone the buccaneer was in the great hall pacing up and down the paved floor. The sun was near setting, and the shadows were now lengthened out till they became lost in the distance. Suddenly, Marl heard an alarm at the gate, and soon afterwards he was informed that one of the men from the brig would see him. Of course he gave orders for the man to be admitted, and he waited there in the hall to receive him. Ere long he heard a heavy step upon the verandah, and he started with a quick emotion as the sound fell upon his ear, for there was but one man who walked with that unequal thump—and that man

he supposed to be in prison. But his queries were soon stopped, for the hall door was thrown open, and the maimed form of Buffo Burnington appeared upon the threshold.

"What! Buffo?" cried Marl, starting forward and grasping the new-comer by the hand.

"Yes, captain."

"But how is this? Are you at liberty?"

"I am."

"And the rest?"

"Where I left 'em, I suppose—in prison. I escaped."

"And couldn't you have brought off some of the others?"

"Not then. But I have set a ball in motion in Caracas, and they will all be out ere long."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am."

"Good! Good, Buffo. You shall be rewarded for this."

"Don't talk about rewarding me for getting my shipmates out o' jail. But—excuse me—I am hungry, captain. I haven't put a morsel of food into my mouth since early morning, and then I didn't eat half a meal."

"We'll have supper in a short time, and then you shall eat with the rest of us. Have you been on board the brig?"

"No. I struck the path which I thought would take me there, but I was mistaken, for it brought me out here."

"All right. Sit down now and rest, and you shall have supper in a few moments."

Accordingly Buffo sat down upon one of the long stone benches which were stationary fixtures in the hall, while Marl went away to hurry on the supper.

In fifteen minutes after this the lame sailor was informed that the meal was ready, and he followed Laroon into the supper-room. Paul was there, and he started back in surprise as he saw the dark, strange man.

"Buffo Burnington!" he uttered.

"Burnington!" faintly repeated Mary, who had taken a seat.

"Yes," answered Laroon. "Our good friend has made his escape."

Mary's first impulse, as she gazed into those repulsive features, was one of fear and disgust, but that feeling quickly passed away, and as she next met his gaze, there was a soft, strange light in that single eye that disarmed her of her fear. She remembered how she had been once fascinated by that gaze when she had reposed in those stout arms, and she remembered how he had spoken to her. She could even now feel the thrill that went leaping through her soul as those incoherent words fell upon her ear. And the longer she gazed the more did she become used to his deformities, and the less repulsive did they appear.

And Paul, too, was strangely worked upon. Surely Buffo Burnington had betrayed him; but might he not have had some powerful reason for it? One thing was sure: Argue with himself as he would, there was a strange spirit in his soul which yearned towards that dark man. He could not rid himself of it, nor could he gain to himself any amount of indignation that would do it away.

During the supper the buccaneer made but little conversation, for his mind was too heavily burdened with other affairs than those he could converse of there, and as soon as he had done he left the room, leaving Burnington alone with Paul and Mary. As soon as he was fairly gone the dark man said, while a faint smile worked upon his features:

"Paul—and you, too, lady—I fear you have not yet forgiven me for the part I seemingly played against you?"

"*Seemingly* played against us!" said the youth, dubiously.

"Ay, for you shall know that 'twas not for your ill that I did that thing. I meant to help you, and you may yet know that I have done you no harm. Has there been a man—a stranger—here yet?"

"Yes. Last night one came."

"Ah. Did he give his name?"

"Yes. He said it was James Fox."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone up to Garonne's."

"Did you notice that man particularly, Paul?"

"Ay, I did," uttered the youth, with energy; "and I know I have seen him before."

Burnington smiled. The youth saw that smile, and in a moment more he added:

"Who is he? Burnington, I do put confidence in you once more. Now show me that I do not misplace it, by telling me truly who that man is, for I am sure you know him?"

"I will make you one answer," returned Buffo, in a serious tone, "and that shall be final on that point. James Fox has reposed confidence in me, and I will not violate it. He shall tell you ere long all you would know, and at the same time he shall tell you of me. Now if you would trust those who would save you, show it by inflicting upon me no more questions, which you must know I do not wish to answer. Trust me—and yet show it not. Let Marl Laroon think you hate me, for the more he thinks that the more easily can I work."

Paul and Mary gazed first into the face of the speaker, and then they looked upon each other, and though each seemed only intent upon discovering what emotions the other manifested, yet they both showed by their looks that they were ready to trust the strange man.

At this moment Otchewa entered the room. She caught the stranger's eye, and she came near dropping the tray she carried in her hands. Both Paul and Mary noticed her emotion, but they noticed it not so deeply as did the man himself who had caused it. Slowly the Indian girl drew nearer, and as she sat her tray down close by where Burnington was seated, she gazed fixedly into his face, never minding the look he gave her in return. A shade rested upon her features for some moments—a shade half of doubt and half of anxiety—but it soon passed away, and a look of strange satisfaction took its place.

In the meantime the negroes had returned. Marl Laroon met them in the court, and asked them if they had found Warda. But hardly had he asked the question when he noticed a dark mass upon one of the saddles. He went up to it, and held up his lantern, and he saw the grim, ghastly features of the Indian guide, all covered with dirt and gore!

In a few words from the negroes he learned all; and he knew that now he must have a more dangerous enemy than before!

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WORTH versus WEALTH.

BY DORUS CARROLL.

"What an elegant girl!"

This was the inward exclamation of Harry Stephens, as a gaily-dressed young lady passed by his office window, one balmy May morning. Very gracefully was the mantilla folded about her pretty person, and very gracefully and daintily her light feet pressed the gravelled sidewalk; yet there was an air of haughtiness in the carriage of her head, and in the flash of her cold, blue eyes, which was not quite so pleasing to the searching glance of the young lawyer.

He had spoken truly. Helen Fowler was an elegant girl, in face, form and mind; but, as often happens, that meagre word *elegant* described her thoroughly. Underneath her calm elegance there was nothing deeper—nothing to be unfolded, flower-like, by the sunshine of friendship or love. Her education was elegant, not varied nor profound. She could speak the French language excellently, she could dance enchantingly, and play gracefully all the fashionable music of the day. In manners she was faultless; in conversation the quickness of her wit generally concealed the shallowness of her brain. Her brain *was* shallow, and her heart, too; yet she was an elegant girl, and the only daughter of the richest man in the flourishing village of Weston.

She had scarcely turned the corner, when another young form appeared, and another light footstep sounded beneath Harry's window. But this figure, though dressed with neatness and grace, was not so airily robed as that of the heiress who had preceded her, nor did she bear herself with such an air of conscious beauty. But just as she passed the window, she happened to look up, and eyes of such deep, rare loveliness met Harry's earnest gaze, that his book fell from his grasp unheeded, and he watched her retreating form until she was out of sight.

"Helen Fowler is certainly an elegant girl," he said, as he paced up and down his office floor; "but Agnes Bryan is something more. Helen is rich, proud, and graceful; Agnes is poor in worldly wealth, simple in manners, yet rich in graces of the heart and intellect. Helen would shine in the loftiest station to which I could ever attain; Agnes would be a household angel to the rich man or the poor man. At which shrine shall I bow—that of wealth or worth?"

And leaving him to decide this momentous question, we will inform the reader that Harry Stephens had lately located himself in Weston; and being now established in business, and able to have a home of his own, he was looking about him, in search of a wife. Two only, of the village girls, had yet found a favored place in his thoughts—though, if the truth were told, a great many were ready to smile upon *him*. These two, Helen Fowler and Agnes Bryan, he had met several times at the social gatherings of the village, and he admired both. He had called once at the home of each, when he was charmed by the animation and wit of the one, and by the unaffected sweetness of the other. Both received him graciously, for in the eyes of both he had found favor, though one acknowledged this to herself boldly, the other *felt* the admiration which she would not confess. Helen liked him because he belonged to an aristocratic family, and possessed a pleasing and polished manner; Agnes, in listening to his eloquent and varied conversation, had discovered that there was a chord in his soul and in hers, which vibrated to one and the same harmony.

After both graceful forms had disappeared Harry suddenly remembered that he was invited to a social party that evening, where he would undoubtedly meet the two who had lately occupied so large a space in his thoughts; for Helen Fowler, being the belle of the village, was always invited, and he knew that Mrs. Temple, who gave the party, was a warm friend to Agnes.

"I will choose to night," said he, "whether I shall offer my suit at the feet of the beautiful heiress, or at the *heart* of the lowly but lovely music teacher."

At night, if Harry Stephens had been gifted with a pair of magic spectacles, making brick walls and closed blinds transparent, he might have seen Helen Fowler in her dressing room, standing irresolute amid a profusion of silks, laces and jewelry. From one rich robe she turned to another, saying softly to herself:

"I wish I knew which are his favorite colors. I thought he looked admiringly at this purple satin the other evening, but the pale blue is more becoming. I must look as beautiful as I can to-night, for when we were at Mrs. Grey's, he actually talked half an hour, with that nobody, Agnes Bryan."

And with the same magic glasses, Harry might have seen Agnes Bryan, patiently giving the last music lesson of the day to a stupid pupil, who either could not or would not comprehend the spirit of a simple waltz, which she was practising, but persisted in drumming it forth as if it were a march for the battle field. But at last the tired pupil was dismissed, and Agnes, weary but light-hearted, went to prepare for the party.

"When you are ready, come and read to me a little," said her invalid mother.

"I will," replied Agnes, cheerfully; "you know it never takes me long to dress."

And in a few minutes she came down, dressed in a delicate, fresh colored muslin, her dark hair falling in simple ringlets, requiring neither wreath nor gem to enhance her quiet loveliness. "I hope that he will be there," was the thought that flitted through her mind, as she took up a book and began to read aloud.

When Harry entered Mrs. Temple's parlor, he found Helen already there, and looking more brilliant than he had ever seen her before. The glances of her bright eyes quickly attracted him to her, and for a whole hour he yielded himself to the spell of her fascinations. She was beginning to think her triumph sure, when Harry on turning suddenly, met the clear, soft glance of Agnes Bryan's dark eyes. He bowed smilingly, and by an irresistible impulse, would have approached, but a quick word from Helen chained him again.

"Do you know Miss Bryan?" he asked, after listening a few moments to her gay sallies, which had suddenly grown stupid.

"Miss Bryan?" she repeated. "No: I believe she gives music lessons to my little brother, but I have no acquaintance with her."

"There is a great deal of character in her face," he continued.

"Indeed! Do you think so?" said the proud beauty, with a slight, very slight look of scorn at the object of their conversation. "She makes a very good music-teacher, I am told."

The tone and the look had not escaped the quick observation of Harry, and he went on rather roguishly:

"And do you not know that it takes qualities of a very high order to make a good music-teacher? There must be patience, quickness of perception, firmness, enthusiasm for the art; all these are necessary requirements, and all these I can discover in Miss Bryan's face. Do you not see firmness in her well-formed mouth, enthusiasm in her large eyes—"

"O, do not go on, Mr. Stephens!" said Helen, interrupting him with a forced laugh. "I am no physiognomist. But you were asking me to play something, a little while ago. I have just remembered something which I am sure you will like." She seated herself at the instrument, and as her white fingers glanced over the keys, he could not help smiling at the jealousy of Agnes which she had revealed.

In the meantime, Agnes drew near, and stood a quiet listener, with the group which now surrounded the piano. Helen played with brilliancy and almost faultless grace of execution; but Harry looked in vain for that enthusiasm which he had predicted, in the calm eyes of Agnes Bryan. She felt what he did not perceive until a few minutes later, that Helen played as well as one could, who had not soul enough to comprehend more than the mechanical part of music.

"Miss Bryan, you must favor us now," he said, when Helen, looking quite radiant with the consciousness of the admiration she must have excited, rose from the piano. Agnes hesitated a single moment, then blushing, seated herself at the instrument.

What a touch succeeded the rattle and dash of Miss Fowler's performance! The very fragrance of music breathed through the silent room, for, as the first low, floating accents swelled into the grand and deep, then melted again to liquid, flowing harmony, a stillness fell over all, and they listened, with hushed hearts, to the voice of the true melody. Harry felt the difference in the two players, and felt the cause, too, lying deep down in the characters of both.

She rose quietly, and before he could thank her, she had glided away. He paused a moment, seeking her with his eyes, and then the ringing voice of Helen called him to another part of the room.

"We are talking about woman's rights. I don't believe in them. I don't think it belongs to woman to earn money," she said, gaily. "Do you, Mr. Stephens?"

"I think she has a perfect right to earn it, if she needs it," he replied, "and I must confess, I prefer to see young ladies who are not wealthy, engaged in some profitable employment, rather than living idly at home."

"O, it does not look well!" said she, tossing her pretty head. "I prefer to see them contented with their lot, for it looks avaricious in a woman, to earn money."

"Is there avarice in trying to help oneself, rather than be a burden?" asked Agnes Bryan, who, unseen by Harry, had stood near, and whom these cold words had stung, perhaps not unintentionally. "Is there avarice in choosing industry and independence, to idleness and want?"

Miss Fowler's eyes flashed for a moment haughtily on Agnes, but Harry prevented her from replying.

"I agree with Miss Bryan," said he. "The true object of life, both to male and female, is improvement, and we all know that this is never to be gained by idleness."

"Perhaps, Miss Bryan would not only wish to work with the men, but to vote with them!" said Helen.

"No," said Agnes, answering the sarcastic tone with one of calm sweetness. "I think that a true woman's influence is worth much more than her vote."

Helen answered only with a look of disdain, and she turned haughtily away, leaving the argument unfinished. Harry's first impulse was to follow her, but he paused. In that moment of his indecision, two pictures rose vividly before his imagination. One was a home mate splendid by the presence and the wealth of an heiress; a home of fashion and brilliancy. The reigning queen of all this magnificence was an elegant woman, an ornament at the table and in the drawing-room of her house—a star in the society which fluttered admiringly around her. The picture dazzled, but he turned away, and, turning, saw another vision.

He saw a home with a fireside in it—with a deep, holy, quiet heart, reigning and diffusing brightness there. He saw a noble, womanly mind, unfolding into more perfect richness, year after year, and a spirit blending more and more harmoniously with his own. Fate held before him, in that moment, a golden bauble and a pure pearl, and whispered, "Which shall I give you, wealth or worth?"

Good angels helped him, and he chose the pearl.

Years after, I saw Harry in his home, and found his vision more than realized. He had risen to eminence in the city to which he had removed, but Agnes was still the flower of his home and his heart.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A PLEASANT LIFE IS THIS.

BY DR FLETCHER BENTON.

A pleasant life is this, Lizzie,
Sweet as the poet's dream,
And peaceful as the gentle breeze
That fans the ripples a'ream.
No darksome clouds of sullen gloom
Have gathered o'er the sky,
To hide the bright, propitious rays,
That shine on you and I, Lizzie,
That shine on you and I.

We have a happy home, Lizzie,
Where love will ne'er depart;
It is the place of all the world,
The dearest to my heart.
No marble walls are shining there,
Nor tapestry of gold;
Yet still beneath that humble roof,
Our hearts are never cold.

Through many a weary round, Lizzie,
I've passed in years gone by;
Yet, many a cheerless day I've had,
And many a heartfelt sigh.
But some good angel has been near
My wandering steps to guide,
To bless me with a happy home,
Worth all the world beside, Lizzie,
Worth all the world beside.

I am content with life, Lizzie,
I know that I am blest,
And with an honest, earnest pride,
I hold thee to my breast.
O, why should I bow down to gold,
Or fickle fame revere;
Since thou art to this heart of mine
A thousand times more dear, Lizzie,
A thousand times more dear?

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

JACK'S PROPHECY.

BY WILLIAM MELVILLE.

The old "*Flyaway*," a ship of some eight hundred tons, lay at Trieste, where she had put in for a load of oil, almonds, and wine. The captain, whose name was Lot Sanders, was a good seaman, but quick in his temper, and revengeful in his disposition; and since we had left the States, quite a number of the younger portion of the crew had been flogged for one thing and another, but in most cases for "insubordination"—said insubordination being insolence to the captain; and in every case, I believe, this insolence had been the result of the captain's inordinate passion and harshness.

Jack Provost and myself were walking up and down the larboard side of the waist on the second afternoon of our arrival at Trieste. Our ship had a small topgallant forecastle, and beneath lay a young sailor in irons. His name was Ben Greene. He was not over twenty years of age, and one of the best-hearted, truest men on board. When the ship was coming in, he and the captain had a "spat." Ben was stationed at the foretopsail halyards by the first mate, and told not to leave until the yard was down. The captain saw him there and ordered him to go and stand by the main-brace.

"I'm stationed here," returned Ben, meaning no harm, and thinking none.

"O—you are, eh?—now go!" And he gave the youth a kick on the spoke.

In a moment of pain and rage poor Ben uttered: "You're a brute!"

At that instant, the pilot ordered the courses to be cleared up, and the captain smothered his vengeance. But as soon as the anchors were down, he ordered the mates to put Ben in double irons. "And," said he, in conclusion, "we'll give him just the sweetest taste of the cat-o'-nine tails when he comes out that he ever dreamed of!"

So Ben had been put in irons, and there he lay. We knew that the captain would keep his promise, for he was a man whom persuasion never moved.

"It's too bad!" said Jack, looking first upon Ben, stowed away on a couple of gratings, and then looking upon me.

"So it is," I returned, "and it any exertions on my part could help the poor fellow, I'd make it. But Captain Sanders is not the man to be turned from his purpose. If he has said he'll flog Ben Greene, then Ben may consider himself doomed."

"I know," responded Jack, thoughtfully, "but I've been thinking of something."

"Eh?"

"Yes," he said. "You know Sanders is very superstitious."

"Most men of his character are," I replied.

"But he is more so than any man I ever saw before," Jack resumed, in a low tone. "He would sooner go without his grog for a whole year than to have a storm-petrel killed by a man on board his ship. No power could induce him to go to sea on a day when the moon could be seen while the sun was up. I know him well, and I think if I could get on shore this afternoon, while the captain is there, I could prevent Ben's flogging."

As soon as Jack had whispered to me something of his plan, I went at once to the mate and told him that I wished Jack Provost to go on shore with me. He hesitated a moment, and then gave me permission to take him along.

Jack had been in Trieste twice before with Sanders, and he knew all his haunts. Our first movement was to the shop of an old Jew, who kept masquerade costumes of every style, shade, cut and finish—from the full dress of a Mogul grandee to the habit of an Indian peasant. Jack selected a pair of deep blue Turkish trowsers, which buckled about the ankle with a plated band; a robe of purple silk mysteriously figured over with all sorts of cabalistic characters done with silver thread; then he selected a wig of flowing white hair, with an enormous beard to match; and having procured some water colors, he made me lay on a few false wrinkles and old veins. Next came a hat with a tall crown, like a pyramid, figured with silver, and a rim very wide and stiff. After all this, he stepped into a pair of wooden shoes—and his disguise was complete.

Most assuredly I should not have known Jack Provost under that guise, nor would his own mother have dreamed that he was her son.

"You must disguise, so as to go and see the sport," said Jack.

I quickly consented, for I did not want the captain to know his supercargo that afternoon. I selected a peasant's dress; browned my skin with umber; put on false hair and beard, and was ready. Jack borrowed a very large parchment book, written in Hebrew characters, and a globe of the heavens, and thus accoutred, we set out, leaving our own clothes and ten dollars as pledges for our safe return.

We found Captain Sanders at the *café*, where Jack said we should, and, very fortunately, he was at a small table alone, with a glass in his hand. Jack walked slowly and totteringly towards him, and sat down upon the opposite side of the same table, and having rested the end of his huge book upon the marble top, he opened the volume, being careful to hold it so that Sanders could look into it. The captain did look into it, and when he saw the strange characters there, he was puzzled. The old astrologer—for so we must call Jack—bowed his head upon his hand, and at the end of some moments, he started up and uttered:

"*Americano!* America's son is here!" speaking in a most mystical idiom. In a moment more, he fastened his eyes upon Sanders, and added: "*Pardon!* I felt your presence!"

"Did you?" whispered Sanders, showing by his every look that he was deeply moved.

"Yes—I was reading the stars, and I came to the *fourteenth day of the year's first month*, and I saw a new star flash forth. That was the day of your nativity!"

(Jack knew that the captain was born on the fourteenth day of January.)

Sanders was astounded, and his lips trembled.

"Yours has been a dark, tempestuous life!" resumed the astrologer, solemnly, closing his book, and turning the globe upon its axis. "Two fair children lie buried in your native land. A wife now—"

"*What?*" grasped the captain, turning deadly pale, and trembling.

"She waits for you, and prays?"

Sanders breathed more freely.

"Shall I tell you more?"

"No—ye—yes!"

"All is not dark—you have seen much joy. But a cloud comes—a most strange and curious one. I can read it not from this," setting the globe aside, and taking up the book.

"What is it?" whispered Sanders, while Jack pored over the strange book in silence.

"This is passing all belief," uttered the astrologer to himself, still reading from the cabalistic characters of his book. "There is torture—but 'tis not for him! 'Tis for another—and yet *he* dies! *Wonderful!*"

And thus speaking, the strange man gazed fixedly into the captain's face.

"What is it?" hoarsely whispered the anxious, superstitious man.

"You are commander of a ship?" said the astrologer.

"Yes."

"Is there any one suffering there?"

"No?"

"Then there will be. 'T will not be you—and yet you will be the victim, for so 'tis written!"

"But tell me all! What do you see? What do you read?"

"Thus I read," answered the astrologer, in a voice that seemed to come from the vaults beneath the house: "There shall be the sound of woe and wailing, as of one in distress. A lash shall make sharp music in the air, and the waiting flesh shall quiver when it receives the stroke. The blows fall thick and heavy, and the suffering one shall bow in shame and grief. His pain of flesh will not equal his pain of soul. But yet I read that you are not that sufferer—and yet, *such shall be the scene when you die!* That is what I hold so wondrous strange! And yet my record never yet deceived me. Surely, sir, you must be connected with this in some way!"

"With what? How?" gasped the captain.

"With this scene I have described. I see the bared flesh—the lash—the wound—the oozing blood! I hear the wail and the groan! And your death is there! You must read the rest, for the heavens tell me no more!"

"But wait—one moment! Answer me one question!" cried Sanders, now the very picture of terror. "Shall I die soon?"

"T is not so set down. You may live long for all that I can tell, for this dread scene I have found is not fixed,—it only appears as a cloud which threatens you. But be sure of this: When you see what I have described, then know your hour draws nigh, and then you must pray!"

Thus speaking, the strange man left the *café*, and I followed him. In due time we reached the Jew's, exchanged our clothes, washed our hands and faces, paid two dollars for the use of the disguises, and before dark were on board the ship.

On the next morning, Captain Sanders came off, and his first order was that Ben Greene should be set at liberty.

"Will you flog him?" asked the mate.

"No, sir!" whispered the captain, with a fearful shudder. "And mind you," he added, in a quicker tone, "let not a man be struck on board this ship without my orders!"

The men were dazed much at this—all but Jack and myself. But the captain did not disappoint us. From that time forth no revengeful blow was struck on board our ship. He never knew how he had been deceived, and we meant that he never should, for many a poor sailor's back has been saved by *Jack's Prophecy*, and the captain's superstitious belief in its truth.

Snow Day Thoughts.—No one cares for turtle-soup after the first twenty minutes.

The happiest moment of your life is when you don't know it.

A woman's life is made up of "five minutes," for she never takes more to put on her bonnet, change her dress, go out shopping, order the dinner, or do anything else.—*Punch.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MEMORY.

BY E. A. BENDO.

Back through the dim and shadowy pa
Fond Memory loves to stray
And call from out her buried shore
Those visions, bright and gay—
Which cheered us in our youthful hou
When life seemed all too fair,
Ere grief had come to blight our hope
And chill our hearts with care.

She brings to view those first bright d
When life was to its spring
Ere the withering hand of time had we
Each change o'er everything
O sweet and halcyon days of yore,
Your memory, like some witching str
Will linger round our hearts for ave,
Though ye will no or return again

Again we hear those haunting tones
Which charmed us in our earlier da
When love and hope our spirits bound
And bright were passion's rays.
But where, O, where are now the frien
We loved in days of yore,
Some scattered by the world's wild str
Some sleep to wake no more.

Yes, thy spell, fond Memory, brings
Back the joys of "other days."
When flowers were out, birds were sin
Sweet and gladsome songs of praise
Time, nor care, cannot efface them,
Though the soul be banquet-hall
O how sweet, how fond to linger,
Wandering on life's rock bound coa

Naught that hath laid unheard and h
But thy magic stire it up.
For thou canst e'en revive the story
Of life's sweet and bitter cup.
Yes, thy charms are round me flinging
Back the bites of happier times—
And thy "dream like glory o'er me,
Comes like love from heavenly clim

[Written for The Flag of our Un

THE TWIN DAGUERREO

BY EDWARD MERVIN.

A wild but beautiful interval l
upon the head waters of the Mokel
here and there as far as the eye co
white tents, on which the Californi
ing with fervid heat; and rude look
to be seen gathered in groups benea
ed trees, or at the doors of the ten
the news of the day, the mining pr
tales of lucky strails and murders,
and pastimes, and all the dangers
generally; while in the distance, a
of the river, might be seen other
the black earth and washing out
dust, without regard to the day whi
bath, here too often desecrated by t
mammon, or idols of silver and
who had in their far off homes be
to revere it as a holy day of rest
the great ruler of all the earth for
of all the human race.

We will enter one pleasantly be
see how its inmates are passing
we must not be shocked if we find
gay and thoughtless. They are fi
all good looking young men, as
was concerned, and art had had v
with the appearance of one of th
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"What a rare joke it would
could only manage to get Howe's
it in the Mokelume," said No.
No. 4. "Here are we all nursi
his beards to be in fashion, wh
every week, is primming off as
was going to see his lady love,
here to see him."

"Well, I don't want to fright
or tempt the musquitoes by a gr
yours," said Howe.

"Ay, but the musquitoes ca
that, or a good thick coating o
said No. 1, yawning and stretchi
limbs. "It's certainly a great pe
varmints."

"Well, you are welcome to it,
Howe, disdainfully, "but for m
like the feeling, and when the
I like to get up some of the old
Christmas, or, I can't anything
does Dorrs, and Holden, I believ

"Well, I'll confess to being t
lot, and especially Sunday," said
naturedly; "but there, take car
urea, Howe," said he, pointing
had discovered and snatched up
from among Howe's things, an
displaying it to the admiring Do

Howe dropped his razor and
over the treasure which he had
posed to the gaze of his rude com

"Keep off, Howe, keep off
want of my lady love's picture
laughing and keeping out of H

"Not your lady love, but How
lady," cried, let me see it."

"Neither yours nor mine,"
grily, grasping after the picture.

"And it is now, upon your honor
Dorrs, gently.

"It's none of your business a
the angry Howe, "and the prou
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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MEMORY.

BY R. G. DENIO.

Back through the dim and shadowy past,
Fond Memory loves to stray;
And cull from out her buried store,
Those visions, bright and gay—
Which cheered us in our youthful hours,
When life seemed all too fair;
Ere grief had come to blight our hopes,
And chill our hearts with care.

She brings to view those first bright dreams,
When life was in its spring—
Ere the withering hand of time had wrought
Such change o'er everything.
O sweet and halcyon days of yore,
Your memory, like some witching strain,
Will linger round our hearts for aye,
Though ye will ne'er return again.

Again we hear those haunting tones
Which charmed us in our earlier days,
When love and hope our spirits bound,
And bright were passion's rays;
But where, O, where are now the friends
We loved in days of yore;
Some scattered to the world's wide ends,
Some sleep to wake no more.

Yes, thy spell, fond Memory, brings
Back the joys of "other days,"
When flowers were out, birds were singing
Sweet and gladsome songs of praise.
Time, nor care, cannot efface them,
Though the soul be tempest-tost;
O how sweet, how dear to trace them,
Wandering on life's rock-bound coast.

Naught that hath laid unheard and hidden,
But thy magic stirs it up;
For thou canst o'en revive the story
Of life's sweet and bitter cup.
Yes, thy charms are round me flinging
Back the bliss of happier times—
And thy "dream-like glory o'er me,
Comes like love from heavenly climes.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TWIN DAGUERREOTYPES.

BY EDWARD MERVIN.

A WILD but beautiful interval lies before us upon the head waters of the Mokelumne, dotted here and there as far as the eye can reach with white tents, on which the California sun is shining with fervid heat; and rude looking men are to be seen gathered in groups beneath the scattered trees, or at the doors of the tents, discussing the news of the day, the mining prospects, wild tales of Indian trails and murders, grizzly bears and panthers, and all the dangers of camp life generally; while in the distance, on the banks of the river, might be seen others, digging up the black earth and washing out the rich gold dust, without regard to the day which is the Sabbath, here too often desecrated by the worship of mammon, or idols of silver and gold, by men who had in their far off homes been brought up to revere it as a holy day of rest, set apart by the great Ruler of all the earth for the best good of all the human race.

We will enter one pleasantly located tent and see how its inmates are passing the time; and we must not be shocked if we find them rather gay and thoughtless. They are four in number, all good looking young man, as far as nature was concerned, and art had had very little to do with the appearance of one of them, who was lounging upon a bunk in a corner in all the luxury of dirt and river mud. The second, a tall, dark, but fine looking fellow, was engaged in the laudable work of clearing away the morning meal, and setting the pots and pans in order for another; a duty each in turn had to perform. He was arrayed in a coarse, dirty, blue jean frock—the usual working dress of a miner; though there was something in his air and appearance that bespoke the gentleman.

The third, a jolly devil may-care sort of fellow, is up and dressed in his best—marching around the tent, poking fun at all the rest. While the fourth, a genteel, light complexioned young gentleman, is overhauling his trunk, and taking out various nameless articles to get at his shaving apparatus—which he then proceeds to use before a stuck up bit of looking glass.

"What a rare joke it would be, boys, if we could only manage to get Howe's razor and sink it in the Mokelumne," said No. 3, glancing at No. 4. "Here are we all nursing big California beards to be in fashion, while he, at least every week, is primming off as daintily as if he was going to see his lady love, or expected her here to see him."

"Well, I don't want to frighten the Indians, or tempt the mosquitoes by a greasy beard like yours," said Howe.

"Ay, but the mosquitoes can't bite through that, or a good thick coating of river mud," said No. 1, yawning and stretching out his soiled limbs. "It's certainly a great protection against varmints."

"Well, you are welcome to it, Wallace," said Howe, disdainfully, "but for my part, I don't like the looking, and when the Sabbath comes, I like to get up some of the old home feeling of cleanliness, but I can't anything better, and so does Dorn, and Belden, I believe, if you don't."

"Well, I'll confess to being the laziest of the lot, and especially Sunday," said Wallace, good naturedly; "but there, take care of your treasures, Howe," said he, pointing to Belden, who had discovered and snatched up a daguerreotype from among Howe's things, and was hurriedly displaying it to the admiring Dorn.

Howe dropped his razor and hastened to secure the treasure which he had so carelessly exposed to the gaze of his rude companions.

"Keep off, Howe, keep off! what do you want of my lady love's picture?" said Belden, laughing and keeping out of Howe's reach.

"Not your lady love, but Howe's," said Wallace; "come, let me see it?"

"Neither yours nor mine," said Howe, angrily, grasping after the picture.

"Ami it now, upon your honor, Howe?" said Dorn, eagerly.

"It's none of your business at any rate," said the angry Howe, "and the proud original would feel disgraced to have her image the sport of such rude fellows as you."

"As if she wouldn't think us all fine fellows, if she could see us," said Dorn, laughingly. "And now I think of it, she's just the girl I shall marry when I go back to civilized life."

"She'd as soon marry a grizzly bear, or wild Indian, as such a rough, boisterous fellow as you, Dorn," said Howe, contemptuously.

"I'll bet you a cool thousand that she would, if she could get a chance," said Dorn, very seriously.

"And I'll bet you five thousand that she'd give you the mitten in a trice."

"Done! I'll accept the bet; if, when I see her, I like her as well as I do her picture."

"And Belden and I are the witnesses," said Wallace, laughing, as the scufflers rolled down on the ground.

"There, where's the plaguy thing gone to!" exclaimed Belden, rising and rubbing his shins. "It slipped through my fingers somehow."

"You've hid it, you rascal," said Howe, angrily.

"No, I have not, but I guess that lazy Wallace has got it."

"No," said he, gleefully, "but I imagine it will turn up somewhere in these diggings."

Search was now made over the tent by the three scufflers—trunks and boxes, spades and pickaxes, pots and pans were all overturned but without finding the missing treasure.

"I wouldn't have my sister know that I had lost her picture in such a way, for no money," said Howe, throwing himself down on the ground, after his fruitless search was over, deeply chagrined.

"Tell me now, was it really your sister's picture?" said Dorn, seriously.

"Yes, Dorn, and I prize it far higher than any of your lady loves."

"Then I shall some day win the bet," said Dorn, smiling, "and then you'll not only have to pay it, but own me for a brother in the bargain."

"Well, I defy you to win it, though I will confess she might find worse ones," said Howe, holding out his hand to Dorn, while his brow became more serene; for Dorn was the only one he did not suspect of secreting the treasure, while Dorn—sly fellow—was the only one who knew where it was; and for hours that day, he was out upon a solitary ramble over the hills, ever and anon gazing upon the beautiful face that ever after made one of the images in his dreams.

Not long afterwards, Dorn having business in San Francisco, took the daguerreotype down with him, and had it twice duplicated, with one of himself, which he had had taken on his way from New England, before he had grown the big California goatee. He then had one of them set in a rich case made on purpose, enclosed a beautiful ring of California pearl and gold, with "How do you like me," engraved on the inside for a motto, and sent it on to Boston by a trusty friend, and from thence by mail to Miss Caroline Howe of Saranaco, whose name he had before ascertained from her unsuspecting brother.

A few days after Dorn's return to the Mokelumne, the lost daguerreotype was found behind Wallace's bunk to the great joy of its owner, who had no suspicions of the truth.

More than a year has passed away, and the scene now opens in the pleasant village of Saranaco, which is all in a bustle on the occasion of a great party given in honor of the joyful return of Hubert Winslow, the old squire's son from California.

The old fashioned brown house, with its gamble roof, large rooms and huge fireplaces, was all aglow with light and beauty, and graceful forms, bright eyes, and happy faces were flitting from room to room, mingling in scenes of mirth and gaiety; while the varied tones fell upon some listening ears like remembered music, while to others there are some discordant notes to spoil the harmony. Presently Mr. Hubert Winslow, the fine young gentleman for whom the entertainment was got up, is called out, but returns soon after with a young man of—to say the least—striking personal appearance, whom he presents to the company in the big parlor, as Mr. Darlington. The stranger was rather tall and dignified, with brilliant black eyes and hair, a broad, high forehead, somewhat darked by a tropical sun, and a Roman nose, while all his visible features were set off by a rather long goatee beard, of raven blackness.

"Who in the world is that Mr. Darlington, Grace?" said one very fair and beautiful belle to another by her side, who was scarcely less so.

"O, he is a Boston gentleman who came home from California in the Golden Gate with Hubert, and entertained him very agreeably while he remained in the city," said Grace Winslow, "and it's really lucky that he has come down this evening for his promised visit, as we can now show him the big and little lions of Saranaco."

"Of which you are one of the first, I imagine," said the lady, "or at least one of its greatest attractions. But how do you like the gentleman's looks, Grace?" said she, gazing on him with interest.

"O you know such dark, fierce, bandit looking fellows are my abomination—because I'm so dark myself, I suppose, but you always admire them, and I've no doubt he'll be lovely in your eyes, and who knows but what you may captivate him, Carrie."

"Sure enough, Grace, and at any rate I can but try," said Carrie, laughing; "and just think, what a profitable speculation it would be, if he could be caught; for one would never again need to buy a shoe brush, or duster, if they owned that formidable goatee."

"I'll remember that if you do fancy him," said Grace, laughing, "but now for sober faces, they're coming this way."

Hubert approached and presented the stranger to his sister, then, as a matter of course to Miss Howe, the lady by her side.

Grace could hardly keep her countenance, but the merry Caroline looked sober as a judge for some time after she met the stranger's first, earnest, admiring glance; though she shawed out, when the conversation grew animated and California became the theme of discourse.

"In what part of California have you resided, sir?" she at last ventured to say.

"Most of the time in San Francisco," said the gentleman, in a deep, rich tone; "but I spent some months in the gold diggings on the Mokelumne."

"Indeed!" said Miss Howe with animation; "why I have a brother in that very place—perhaps you have seen him?"

"Possibly! Let me see—I think I knew one gentleman of your name, there. He was of rather small stature, light complexion, with brown, curling hair, and a Roman cast of features."

"O, it was him without a doubt; but did you see much of him?"

"Why, yes, I saw him frequently, but had no very intimate acquaintance with him. People are too busy on the Mokelumne to form many such," said he, smiling.

Hubert Winslow and his sister were soon called off to attend to other guests, and Carrie and Mr. Darlington were soon deep in the mysteries of California and sea voyages; while the music was beginning to tune up in the adjoining room, and the gentlemen were looking up partners for a dance, some of them looking rather surlily at the stranger's appropriation of one of their most coveted partners.

"Come, Darlington, you are a dancer," said Hubert, coming round to him, "and I'll give you a choice of a dozen girls at least, if you will join us."

Darlington of course took the nearest lady, and more than once after the dance was over, did he seek out his new acquaintance to renew a conversation that was so deeply interesting to both.

"Any hopes of winning that shoe brush?" whispered Grace in Caroline's ear, just as she was preparing to go home that night.

"Not the least, Grace," said Carrie, blushing; "but why will you remember that foolish speech of mine?"

"Because I want something to tease you about, in return for your joking me so often."

The village of Saranaco seemed fairly awakened by Grace W.'s party, and several others followed in quick succession, besides picnics, horseback rides, calls and visits without number—but whether any of them were made in reference to the returned Californians, we are unable to say. But of one thing we are certain—they were both exceedingly popular, not only with the young ladies, but also with the brothers and elders, who had a shrewd suspicion that they were at least worth their weight in dust of some kind, although no one could exactly ascertain the number of ounces, or its quality.

Carrie Howe laughed and chatted, danced, walked and rode with both the gentlemen; but "there was no use in setting her cap for Hubert," she told Grace, "so long as that hateful Jane Gordon was in the market; and as to Darlington, she was not so sure of Grace's detesting that piratical looking fellow so much after all."

"Well, don't expose me if I happen to change my mind," said Grace, laughing, and trying to look wise.

The gossips soon took it for granted that Grace had found a lover in Paul Darlington, and Carrie Howe began to feel some strange misgivings not only with regard to the reports, but also of her own feelings.

Darlington remained several weeks in the neighborhood, during which time she had seen him almost every day, either at home or some where else, and notwithstanding the goatee, she had found a fascination in his society she had never felt in any other. And when he at last left Saranaco, she began to feel as if all the world around her was a dreary blank; nor did it lessen the bitterness of her feelings to hear that Grace, after his departure, was receiving letters with the Boston post-mark. Pride, however, taught her to cloak her disappointment by a mask of gaiety, so that no one but the keen-sighted Grace had a suspicion of the truth.

Some weeks after Darlington left, Carrie went out one fine June day to hunt for strawberries in the fields back of her father's house, and perhaps nurse her gloomy fancies; and finding a rock overshadowed by a large tree, she sat down, and taking out the twin daguerreotype she had received so mysteriously the year before, which she happened to have in her pocket, she gazed upon it for some time with singular feelings.

"Men say that a woman's heart is changeable," she said to herself, "and I begin to think they speak truth, for not three months since I imagined I loved this beautiful image better than any living ones I had ever seen; but now—"

She turned, as a slight rustling noise met her ear, and there was Darlington peering over her shoulder with a curious expression at the daguerreotype. Mortified, ashamed and somewhat angry withal, to be thus caught by him, Carrie started up with her face all in a glow, while the picture fell from her trembling hand.

"I hope you will excuse my intrusion, Miss Howe," said he, taking her hand, "and not think me impertinent, if I ask you whose image this is," he continued, as he stooped and took up the picture.

"I do not even know myself," said Carrie, in an embarrassed tone.

"Not know when it is your own beautiful image that is thus mated?"

"No, I do not, however impossible it may appear," said Carrie, earnestly. "It came to me through the mail, and how my face was obtained for it, I cannot imagine, or what name the other bears."

"May I believe this, Miss Howe?" said he, questioningly. "Since I first saw you, I have worn your image in my heart, and I had hoped to find a place for mine in yours. Must I be disappointed? O tell me, is it already preoccupied?"

"Not with a reality," said Carrie, in a low, trembling tone. "That I have bestowed many thoughts upon that fictitious image, I will not deny—but upon no living man more than—than yourself."

"Thanks for the sweet confession that you have thought of me, but tell me, dear Carrie that you do and will return my deep, tender love for you, and that you will soon become my best earthly friend and companion," said he.

That the low toned reply was satisfactory, we should judge, by the happy glow that illumined his face, like a sudden gleam of sunshine on a cloudy day, though it slightly faded, as he said:

"But will not this other image—pointing to the picture—sometimes intrude on our future felicity?"

"No, for it has no voice or soul to awaken tender feelings. But shall I tell you that I have often thought there was a strong resemblance between it and you," said she, smiling.

"Indeed! but is what particular—sit down and tell me."

"O something about the eyes, brow and hair."

"I'm afraid I shall be jealous of that picture, if I don't very soon obtain one of its representation for my own. Say, dearest Carrie, shall it not be as I wish? Will you not very soon be my bride?"

"Perhaps not; for I should be afraid of a jealous husband," said Carrie, with some of her old coquettish archness, "and besides, what is to become of my friend, Grace Winslow, to whom everybody has engaged you for a long time."

"Ah, so you are jealous, too, and now we are even."

"No, not now, but that I have been a little, I wont deny."

"Well, you have really had no reason for it, as some correspondence we have had, will show you some day. Grace has been not only my best friend, but yours too, dear Carrie."

"I am very willing to believe it, and not for my own sake alone—for my brother really loves Grace, as I think he will tell her some day, if he lives to come home, and I once believed it was returned."

"I think you are right, there, for I have guessed as much myself, from the drift of her inquiries; but when do you expect him home?"

"O he writes that he will be at home next month."

"Well, then, let us get up a little surprise for him when he does come. What now could be better than a wedding party to welcome him home. Shall we not have one, dear Carrie?" said he, coaxingly.

"Perhaps so," said the blushing Carrie; "but I cannot be really so soon as that, and be decently dressed."

"O, that's just no reason at all," said he, smiling. Go down to Boston with me, or your father, and I'll engage to get you ready in a day or two. So now for some more weighty reason."

"Well, I've a good many. Our acquaintance has been rather short, and a year I think will be quite soon enough."

"A year! Don't for pity's sake ask me to wait a year. I shall go back to California, and die of despair before the time is up, if you do. If you love me, do be a little reasonable, for I'll buy any thing or do anything to please you, if you'll only name an early day."

"Will you?" said Carrie, with a smile.

"Yes, anything reasonable or unreasonable."

"Well, a queer fancy has just come into my head. Would you think me a Delilah, and be offended, if I should ask you to take off that disagreeable California goatee of yours?" said she, laughing.

"Well, that certainly would be a great sacrifice—but are you quite sure you could admire me without it?"

"O yes, much more than at present."

"Then off it comes the day we are wed; but I've a reason for wearing it till then," said he, with a mysterious look and smile.

Darlington did finally succeed in persuading Miss Caroline to be married, on the day of her brother's return, and as the match was a pleasing one to her family, every preparation was made, and the wedding guests all invited, when that day was fully ascertained.

The morning train brought Darlington, still arrayed in his goatee, at which Miss Caroline cast sundry significant glances, though she said nothing—all of which he answered by a smile. But when he came from his room that evening, arrayed for the bridal, the glory had departed from—his chin, and Carrie fairly started with surprise as he entered the chamber, for the living image of the twin daguerreotype was before her.

"Well, dearest Caroline, 'how do you like me?'" said he, pointing to the beautiful pearl ring on her finger, and smiling gaily.

"I've a great mind to say I don't like you at all," said Carrie, when she got over her surprise. "But how in the name of wonder have you managed to deceive me so?"

"No deception at all, except in your own imagination," said he, laughing.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed so slight a thing could have made such a transformation. But tell me, now, how did you get my image for that picture?"

"O I'll tell you all about it before the evening is over, but not now."

"But why not now?"

"O I want to know first whether you really redeem your promise about those precious whiskers, Carrie," said he, laughingly.

"What's all this sparring about," said Grace, coming in at that moment.

"We'll tell you presently," said Darlington, looking at his watch; "but hasn't Horace come yet, Grace? It's already past the time."

"No," said Grace, blushing; "and I begin to fear I shall be a lonely bridesmaid; for the clergyman and guests have nearly all arrived, and there's no signs of a groomsman yet."

"Ah, but you are mistaken, Grace," said Carrie, looking towards the door, and then joyfully rushing out to meet her long absent brother.

"Why, Carrie," he exclaimed, after the first warm greetings were over, "how you have surprised me by such a plan of reception as this."

"Got up for your especial amusement, too," said Darlington, coming forward; "but you must present the actors to each other, Carrie," said he.

"Well, then, dear brother, this is the Mr. Darlington I wrote to you about, and this young lady is Miss Grace Winslow—perhaps you recollect her," said she, archly.

"I think I do, said Horace, presenting his hand to Grace; "and I hope too, she has not forgotten me."

"Everything is in readiness for the ceremony below; are you all ready here?" said a messenger at the door, at this moment.

Carrie and Grace both looked very beautiful in their ethereal white dresses, with sprigs of white blossomed roses in their hair, as they stood up for the ceremony, and they were the envy of more than one of the assembled belles of Saranaco; and the same might be said of the two gentlemen with regard to the beaux; though many wondered why they missed the bridegroom's splendid whiskers.

When the evening was somewhat advanced, and good cheer had opened the hearts and mouths of the company, Horace Howe said to the bride, with whom he was conversing:

"You wrote to me, Carrie, that I should find an old acquaintance in your intended, but somehow I don't seem to recognize him, though I know the two of his name in California."

"Indeed, then we'll have it explained," said Carrie, leading him to where Darlington stood, conversing with Grace and her brother.

"Horace seems to have forgotten your face or acquaintance. I don't know which," said she, smiling—"can't you sharpen his memory, a little?"

"It will need no sharpening, when I demand his five thousand dollar bet of him," said Darlington, in a peculiar tone.

"What bet?" said Horace, with a look like one awakening from a dream.

"Why the bet you made on that well remembered Sunday morning, in our tent upon the Mokelumne, when we had that scuffle about your sister's daguerreotype, and you said she would as soon marry a wild Indian, or grizzly bear, as your humble servant—Paul Dorn Darlington."

"Dorn—Darlington! Do I dream!" exclaimed Horace Howe.

"Not now," said Darlington, smiling.

"But why this change of name!"

"O I took a fancy to be Paul Dorn in California, but when I came to Saranaco, to endeavor to win the bet, I didn't wish to sail under false colors."

"Ah, but you did, though!" said Horace, laughing; "and for that reason I shall evade paying it, for Carrie would never have consented to wed you, if she had seen you in that grim bearish goatee."

"There you are mistaken again, I assure you; for I wooed and won her consent to do so in that same beautiful appendage. This is the first evening she has ever seen me without it; and but for the interest it created in my favor, I fear I should never have won the bet; so now it's fairly mine, you see, and you'll own me for a brother, wont you?"

"With all my heart," said Horace, frankly, holding out his hand to him; "but as to the five thousand, I doubt whether you'll find as much among my baggage."

"No matter for that," said Darlington, turning to Carrie, "so long as it has been the means of my finding a more precious treasure."

"But I don't know about the treasures being bought and sold in such a scurvy manner," said Carrie, rather haughtily; "there'll be another voice in the bargain, I imagine."

"O there has been already," said Darlington, drawing Carrie up to his side—"for you mustn't forget what a martyr you've made of me, in sacrificing my pet whiskers, dear Carrie."

"And even that was all a ruse to deceive me a little, and Horace a good deal, till you won the bet," said Carrie, while Grace and Hubert laughed aloud.

"Well, I suppose I must own up, and ask pardon for my offences," said D. "But are you sorry that I have won it, Carrie," said he, very tenderly.

"I'll tell you some other time," said Carrie, seriously.

Whether Carrie was sorry or not, then, we are sure she does not look so now; for a happier pair than she and Darlington are seldom to be met with—and the same might be said of Horace and his pretty Grace.

THE WAY TO WEALTH ILLUSTRATED.

It is an awkward thing to begin the world without a dollar—and yet hundreds of persons have raised large fortunes from a single shilling. I know a gentleman, a builder, in an extensive way of business, now well worth $100,000, who was a brick-layer's laborer some six years ago, at one dollar per day. He became rich, by acting upon principle. He has assured me that even when he was in ill paid employment he continued to save fifty cents per day, and thus laid up $182 the first year. From this moment his fortune was made. Like the hound upon the right scent the game sooner or later won was sure to become his own. Another very extensive firm—one of which has since died, and left behind him an immense property, the other is still alive, and has realized as much, and yet both of these men came to New York, without a cent, and swept the very shop where in they both afterwards made their fortunes. Like the builder whom we have just mentioned, they possessed an indomitable spirit of industry, perseverance and frugality, and the first half-crown became in consequence the foundation of a million more.

The world would call these individuals fortunate, and ascribe their property to good luck; but the world would be very wrong to do so. If there was any luck at all in the matter, it was the luck of possessing clear heads and active hands, by which means multitudes of others have carved out their own fortunes. But the word *business* means *habit*. Paradoxical as it may seem at first sight, business is nothing in the world except habit—the soul of which is regularity. Like the fly-wheel upon a steam engine, this last keeps up the motion of life steady and unbroken, enabling the machine to do its work; without this regularity, your motions as a merchant may be capital, but never will be profitable. —*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

YOUR CONVERSATION.—Of what character is it? Is it pure? Whatever it may be, be assured it is an unerring index to your heart. The tree is known by its fruit. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Let your words be words of truth and purity.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WORLD OF JOY.

BY ALEXANDER KNIGHT.

In the deep repose and silence
Of the sacred twilight hour,
From the land of dreamy shadows,
Waked by fancy's magic power—
O'er my spirit steals a vision
Of celestial beings bright,
As steals the sun of morning through
The dismal clouds of night.
And I list to seraph voices
Murmuring their songs of glee,
And I gaze on forms angelic,
Floating mid the ether sea.
Till by sight and sound invited,
Every thought of human mind
Strives to break its earthly tendrils,
And a higher pleasure find.

Then the rapture, pure and holy,
Then the ecstacy divine,
As the mortal lowly boweth
At the sweet Ideal's shrine.
Paradise unfolds her treasures,
Bliss unopes her hallowed store,
And with happiness unbounded,
Heart and soul are running o'er.
All forgotten worldly sorrow,
Life itself a misty gleam;
And uncared for all existence,
Save the wild, delirious dream.
Gates of heaven are inviting,
Pass the portals while ye may—
Drown the anguish of to-morrow,
In the glory of to-day;
Freely soar with eagle's pinions,
To the shining realms above;
Revel in fond radiant fancy,
In elysian regions rove.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BUILDING A HOUSE.

BY EVA MILFORD.

I do not know whether the famous gentleman so wittily described by Le Sage under the title of Asmodeus, was pursuing his impertinent amusement, of uncovering people's houses, for the sake of observing the *interieur*, upon the night of the 1st of May, 18—, but if he was, I do not think he found in all his researches, a happier family circle, than that of Philip Richmond, whose only daughter, May, had that evening, welcomed home from Canton, her *fiance*, Mr. Charles Ellis, who had undertaken the voyage, as supercargo for the opulent firm of Brown Brothers, in whose employ he had long been, and who had engaged upon his return to admit him as junior member of the firm.

"And so now, sir," said the happy lover, addressing Mr. Richmond, "I shall claim your promise, that as soon as the sign over our counting-house should be changed to Brown Brothers and Ellis, you would give your consent to our marriage at as early a date as May can be induced to name !"

"Yes, Charles," answered the old merchant, in a rich, round voice, which told of good and luxurious living, and a mind at ease. "Yes, Charles, you have earned your prize, and the matter now lies between that little blushing hussy and yourself. Come, puss, speak up, and say when you will desert your poor old father and mother ?"

"O, I am sure, dear papa, I am in no sort of hurry ; two or three years—"

"I protest, May—"

"Why, you poor innocent fellow," cried the old man, chuckling ; "what makes you look so blank ?—don't you see the girl means that she is ashamed to have as early a day as she wishes, and so leaves it to you ?"

"Papa, papa, how can you !" and May fairly burst into tears, and was running hastily out of the room, when her father caught her, and said with more gravity :

"Why, my little girl, what does this mean ? Who that knows and loves my May, as well as her doting father and mother and her future husband, could suspect her of cunning, or of unmaidenly haste. You must let papa laugh at you a little now, for before long we shall be dull enough here, eh, wife ?"

Mrs. Richmond who had not hitherto spoken, perhaps, because she could not trust her voice to discuss the marriage, and consequent departure from home, of her only and adored child, merely said in answer to her husband :

"O, Philip !" and turning toward the window hid her eyes in her handkerchief.

Mr. Richmond with the air more of a lover than of the husband of twenty years, went and stood by her side and whispered soothingly in her ear; Mr. Ellis apparently thought this a praiseworthy example, and placing himself upon the ottoman close to May, they kept up an animated conversation in a low voice for some minutes, during which the lover was apparently urging some proposition which the young girl was disposed to combat. At last Charles started up, and coming toward Mr. Richmond and his now smiling wife, he said, gaily :

"I have the pleasure to announce to you, my honored friends, that upon the 24th of June next, being the nineteenth birthday of Miss May Richmond, that young lady has consented to become Mrs. Charles Ellis, always with your approval and consent."

"Now, Charles," exclaimed May, blushing more than ever. "You know I never said—"

But here Mr. Ellis suddenly closed her mouth, in a manner which I suppose he thought he had a right to do; and when he released her, her father stood ready to repeat the performance, and then her mother opened her arms and May threw herself into them, perfectly buried in smiles, tears and blushes, to that extent that no one could say which predominated.

And so the matter was settled, and in view of his newly recognized claim, Mr. Ellis sat down close beside his beautiful *fiance*, took her little hand in his, and—yes, actually put his arm around her waist!

"And now," said he, as soon as tranquillity was fairly re-established ; "the first thing I shall do, will be to select a pleasant spot, some little distance from the city, and build a house. Wouldn't you like that, my little wife ?"

"O, yes, I love the country so much, and you must build a sweet little stone cottage, such as we saw in England last year, papa; and we must have ivy and woodbine creeping all over it, and a conservatory, and an aviary, and a beautiful flower-garden, and we will have cows and sheep and a nice house—"

"Why, May, how your little tongue does rattle on," interrupted her father. "You must remember, child, that you are young people, just setting out in life, and that youth is the time to lay up money, that old age may be easy and free from care. Now, if I was to advise, I should say, hire a house, and before you begin to look for one, settle in your own minds the rent you can afford to pay, and do not let yourselves be tempted to go above it. Then, after awhile, if you like the town, and find that you can build advantageously, look for an honest carpenter, that will occupy some year or two longer, then find a good lawyer and have a rigid contract drawn up, with an estimate of the cost; after putting down every item, double the sum total, and if you are fortunate you may get your house for that."

The young people laughed, but Charles did not look convinced, and May said :

"It would seem so odd to have an odious, prying landlord, who would feel as if he had a right to intrude at all hours and seasons, and to be making all sorts of impertinent remarks and objections—"

"Insufferable!" exclaimed Charles, firing up at the very idea of his May being subjected to such annoyances as she so feelingly depicted. "That would never answer ; we must decidedly have a house of our own. Mr. Richmond, I have a small sum which my father left me, about thirteen thousand dollars ; ten thousand of which I have engaged to invest in the business of Brown Brothers, and the remaining three I should think ought to build just such a little bower as May describes."

"Green-house and aviary, stable, barn, cow-house and all ?" queried the father, smiling satirically. "Well, well, young people, I shall say no more. I have offered you my experience for nothing, but you prefer to give three thousand dollars for some of your own, and lucky will you be if you get it for that ; but take your own way, as you and I took our's, Julia, at their age."

"Perhaps, Charles will meet with more honest mechanics, and a better architect, than we did," said Mrs. Richmond, good-humoredly, for she saw a shade of disappointment stealing across May's sweet face at her father's opposition to this cherished plan, which had been already privately discussed by letter, during the three years' separation of the lovers, and had come to be a settled part of their future life.

Mr. Richmond said no more, for he saw that opposition would produce no good effect, but in the retirement of the conjugal chamber he prognosticated to his attentive wife ruinous consequences to what he called—"these children's silly plan."

The next day commenced a series of rides, the real object of which was to select a spot sufficiently retired and romantic to suit the lover-like fancy of the two young people ; but none such was to be found within the limits of a ride, and they had begun to fear that they had indulged in Utopian dreams impossible to realize, when Charles was dispatched by the senior member of his firm, to a town some twenty miles distant from the city, to transact some business with a person named Smith.

This town, appropriately named by the first settlers, Drowsydale, was nestled in a mountain valley, and surrounded by wild and picturesque crags and woods. It was so small, so sparsely settled, and so inaccessible a place, that although a recently constructed railroad brought it within an hour's travel of the city, it was rarely visited by strangers, and only known to the public generally, as a station on the Blank Railroad.

After finishing his business and declining Mr. Smith's hospitable invitation to dine, Mr. Ellis spent the remaining hours, until the time for the last train, in wandering over the picturesque crags and stony ravines surrounding the hamlet of Drowsydale. More than once did he exclaim either mentally or aloud. "Here is precisely the spot for a house ;" but finally he came upon a site which effectually banished all others from his mind, and he determined at once that here should his future dwelling be built, and that with all possible speed.

It was a broad terrace, on the mountain side, bristling crags frowning above it, and a steep, grassy slope, thickly studded with granite boulders, lying between it and the wood which wound picturesquely along at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the spot which Ellis had fixed upon for the house. The plateau comprised about two acres; it was well sheltered at the northeast and west, while to the south lay a view of immense extent and unparalleled magnificence.

The young man stood long entranced until the long slanting rays of the setting sun warned him of the hour, and he hastened to the station which he found to be about a mile distant.

The next day, our hero (to whom his senior partners granted great latitude in view of his approaching marriage) took May with him to visit his new found paradise.

She was equally delighted with himself, and they at once proceeded to inquire for the owner and secure the treasure, trembling every moment lest some rival should appear and forestall them in the coveted purchase. Mr. Smith, to whom Ellis naturally applied, directed them to the house of Deacon Sykes, of whose large farm, "Upland Terrace" (as the young people as prospective possessors had already named it) was a part.

The deacon was a keen, sharp, cautious—Yankee ; he had not talked with Mr. Ellis five minutes, before he understood the whole state of affairs between the young people, although Charles was entirely unconscious of betraying it. He also settled in his own mind that the "young chap from down below" (he didn't mean any worse place than Boston), was very young, very ignorant of the value of land, very desirous of purchasing the rocky mountain pasture, very rich, and lastly and most important, that it was his duty to make a very good bargain out of him.

Deacon Sykes had purchased his hundred and fifty acres some ten years previously, at an average price of twenty-five dollars an acre, and this particular two acres was some of the least valuable on the farm. So when Charles Ellis pressed him to name the sum per acre with which he would be content, the deacon, after much circumlocution, and very trying diversions from the subject, concluded that :

"Seein' as how it's kindir rocky, up there, and it may be some costly to fix up round the housenspot, why, I guess I must let you hev it for a hunderd and fifty dollars a acre."

"Very well, Deacon Sykes," answered the young man, who had not yet lost the romantic belief that all men, and especially country farmers, were as honorable and honest as himself. "I trust implicitly to you, for I know nothing about the price of land except in the city, and there, as I suppose you know, it is always sold by the foot."

"Yis, I've heern tell so," said the deacon, mentally wishing that his customer would beat him down a little, for even his bargain-hardened conscience smote him for such extortion, and to accede to the first demand, was a tactic unknown in the annals of Drowsydalian purchase and sale.

However, our unsuspecting young merchant, proceeding on in the "one price system," to which in business he had always been accustomed, closed the bargain upon the spot for the two acres, at the above named price.

The next day Mr. Ellis went to an architect and had a plan drawn of a handsome and picturesque cottage, with all the "modern improvements." The specifications stated that it was to be built of the very best lumber, and in the most thorough manner. Charles then consulted a city carpenter for the purpose of making a contract with him, but Mr. Jobling assured him that it would be quite as cheap and much more satisfactory to have the work done by the day, which was accordingly agreed upon.

The house was commenced immediately, and May proposed that as it would so soon be finished, the wedding should be postponed until they could move directly in ; but this was decidedly negatived by Charles, who insisted upon the previous arrangement, and much did he felicitate himself upon his firmness, in the event, for the wedding took place upon the twenty-fourth of June, and when the frost came, the mason was just ready to plaster the interior of the bridal home. As this latter personage declared it utterly and entirely impossible to do anything till warm weather, the half-finished home was locked up, to spend its first winter alone, Mr. Stone promising to "be on hand sartain, the first thing in the spring."

Spring came, and after many weary journeys after the recreant mason, whom Charles declared to be emphatically a "rolling stone," he at last set to work. His business finished, our young husband began a series of daily promenades, to the workshop of Messrs. Black, White and Yellowley, upon whom devolved the finishing touches to the new house, in the shape of painting and papering.

These artists were the most dilatory of any yet employed, and more than one week passed after the building was pronounced ready for them before they could be brought to commence.

The young couple remained for the present at the house of Mr. Richmond, who would have been glad could he have induced them to make his house their permanent home. Being of a magnanimous turn of mind the elder gentleman did not exult more than he could avoid, at the verification of his prophecy, but he had somewhere found an old distich which he frequently hummed over, when Charles was complaining of the backwardness of his workmen, of the unconscionable time they took for their labor, of the difficulty of inducing the masters to hire a sufficient number of workmen, etc. ; this doggerel which soon became the terror of both the young people was :

"Work by the job, has almost done,
When work by the day just begun."

At last, however, the last paint-pot and paste-brush had disappeared, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis gladly proceeded to install themselves at Upland Terrace, cordially inviting their father and mother to return as soon as possible the long visit which they had been in a manner compelled to make them.

Charles at once proceeded to lay out his grounds and devoted to this delightful employment all his leisure and all his money not absolutely needed in the household, that he could command. The dilatory workmen proved to be as dilatory in presenting their accounts, as in doing their work, and it was not till the succeeding January that Mr. Ellis could form any estimate of the cost of his house. Then, indeed, the bills poured in ; the carpenter's, the lumber-man's, the hardware-dealer's, for locks, hinges, etc., the mason's, the painter's, the glazier's the paperer's, and a number from people who professed to have been employed to team and dig, etc., until Charles in despair inquired if the crowd of idlers whom he had always found warming themselves in cool weather, and cooling themselves in hot weather in his unfinished house, did not intend to bring in bills for their time !

This petulant speech, addressed to one of the soi-disant teamsters (who it turned out had once brought up a keg of nails from the depot, as he was going by Upland Terrace), was reported at once to the very men who had been in the habit of lounging on the carpenter's benches, and painter's steps, and more than one of Charles's neighbors with the malevolence inseparable from a narrow mind, chose after this to consider himself at enmity with the young man.

When all the bills had come in, Charles, to his horror and astonishment, found that his land, his house, and the improvements made and commenced upon the place, would come within a few hundred dollars of his whole little fortune. True, he possessed enough to meet all demands, but this would involve withdrawing the ten thousand dollars which he had invested in the firm, and without which he would be obliged to sink again into the rank of clerk.

May proposed to ask her father to lend them the sum required, but from this both the pride and the delicacy of her husband revolted. He preferred rather to mortgage his new place. He did so, and from that moment began for Charles Ellis the harassing doubts, the gloomy reveries, the troubled dreams, and anxious forebodings of an honorable and sensitive man who has allowed himself to become involved in debt from which he sees no means of release.

Charles had at first thought, that by strict economy, they should be able to lay by something every year, and perhaps in this way meet the mortgage—which was at a long date—when it should become due. But he soon found that this was out of the question. May, although she would have yielded her life inch by inch for her husband, was the principal, although unconscious agent of drawing him deeper and deeper into difficulty. The only child of rich and indulgent parents, she had never in her life been obliged to deny herself anything which money could procure. She had a refined and exquisite taste in dress, and it did not once occur to her that there was any other course possible in ordering her wardrobe than that which she had always pursued.

She knew nothing of housekeeping, except that it was necessary to have a cook—who could not possibly go so far from the city under three dollars a week—a chambermaid, and when the baby was born, about a month after the moving, a nurse, at the same wages with the cook, was engaged for his lordship.

Then Mr. Ellis found his journeys up and down every day and his dinners in town, both lonely and expensive, and at the end of the year, upon balancing his expenses and income, he found that the former, including the interest on the mortgage, overrun the latter by some fifty dollars.

He did not mention this to May, as her health had been delicate ever since the baby was born, and he could not bear to lay any part of the burden upon those unaccustomed shoulders ; but he strangled a bitter exclamation which rose to his lips as she showed him that very night a large quantity of rich and very expensive lace that she had just purchased to trim an India muslin mantilla that her mother had sent her for a present.

Time went on, and with all his efforts Ellis could barely meet his expenses and pay the interest on the mortgage, and the time for paying the principal was close at hand. The day arrived, and Charles called on his mortgagee, Isaac Ben Samuels, with a heavy heart.

"Good morning, Mishter Ellish, you are very punctshuals."

"I know, I know, Mr. Samuels that this is the day on which my mortgage falls due, but I hope you will consent to wait a while. I will continue to pay the interest punctually, but it is entirely impossible for me to pay the principal at present, without withdrawing all that I possess from the firm of which I am a member, but of which I could not expect to continue one unless I contributed something to its support."

"Ver goot, ver goot, Mishter Ellish," said the old Jew, rising ; "dere ish den one plain course for me to pursha."

"And that is," said Charles, quickly.

"To foreclose my mortgage."

The debtor turned quickly and left the apartment. He pulled his hat over his eyes and strode hurriedly to the counting-room. Here he shut himself up in his own office, rested his forehead on his folded arms, and gave himself up to a paroxysm of rage, grief and despair, which would have moved to pity the coldest and stoutest of hearts.

"Ruined, ruined, ruined!" groaned he. "O my wife, my child," and the unbidden tears gushed from the eyes of the strong man, not refreshing dews, such as support and strengthen the flower-like nature of woman, but fierce, scorching drops, such as fall from the bosom of the thunder cloud, searing and furrowing the face of fair mother earth until she looks as if sorrow for the sins of her children had brought on that appearance of old age, which tens of thousands of years had failed to imprint on her blooming face.

Charles Ellis came forth from that room, stern, harsh and cold. He went mechanically through the routine of his duties during the day, and at the usual hour proposed to leave the office. As he was putting on his hat and coat he was passed by the elder Mr. Brown, the senior member of the firm.

"Good-night, Ellis," said he, "I quite envy you going out to that pretty home of yours. A bachelor like myself cannot supply the want of a home, even with the luxuries of the Tremont House." And Mr. Brown went on, not hearing the bitter groan which issued from the lips of the junior partner as he followed him.

"A home indeed! Whose home will it be when that miserable Jew has drawn a little tighter the meshes of the net in which I have placed myself!—a comfort surely, endone which should recompense me to losing all that I shall lose."

And Charles Ellis laughed aloud in the bitterness of his heart. When he reached Upland Terrace, May came running to meet him.

"O Charles, dear, I am so glad you have come ; there has been a man here, I'm sure I don't know who, but I think he must have been crazy, unless he came in hopes of stealing ; he knocked, and Nora opened the door and asked him who he would like to see, and he said :

"'I don't care about seeing any one, but I'll come in,' and then Nora was frightened and told him that you was not at home, and that I was engaged, but he crowded by her and walked into the entry and up to the door of the parlor where I was sitting with the baby. I had heard what he said, and looked up at him, I suppose, in a frightened sort of a way, for he laughed, and said :

"'You needn't be scared, ma'am, I'm only taking peaceable possession of these premises, and you can mention it to your husband, and you and the girl here can testify, if necessary, that I've done it.' And then the odious creature with a grin and a chuckle that frightened me more than ever, went away. Now, Charley, dear, what did he mean ?"

"Mean, woman !" said her husband, sternly, "it means that we are houseless, homeless, wretches, that what my own folly has not done to ruin me, you have done, and that at this moment I am infinitely poorer than when your father first refused me on the plea of my poverty."

Little May had never been used to language such as this, and so she did what almost every woman would have done—she said :

"O Charles !"—and throwing herself on the sofa, began to cry as if her very heart would break. Her husband looked at her for a moment, and then raising her head gently, he placed it on his breast and applied himself to the task of soothing her ; no difficult matter, for she had a loving heart, and kisses and sweet words could make it happy at almost any moment.

Restored to tranquility, the young people proceeded to talk gravely and confidentially of their situation. Charles told his wife for the first time of the mortgage, acknowledged his fault in having concealed difficulties from her even partially, and explained to her what taking peaceable possession meant.

"But never mind, love," said he, in conclusion, "the old sharper can do nothing for three years, and when that time comes, if no other means presents itself I will withdraw from the firm, pay my debts and begin again as a clerk."

Charles spoke cheerfully, but the fond wife's anxious eyes read too plainly the sharp pang of despair and humiliation that crossed his face, as he said this, to be deceived.

She said nothing, however, and they by mutual though tacit consent, talked for a little while of other and pleasanter matters before retiring.

The next day May wrote a long letter to her father, and the ensuing morning Mr. Richmond visited Upland Terrace. May and he were shut up for a long time in the little library, and as they came out, Mr. Richmond said half playfully and half seriously :

"But if you tell Charles one word of the matter, I'll take it all back, only be sure and let me know if he thinks of withdrawing."

That night May told her husband that she felt it a duty for both of them to begin to make economy more of a study than they had done, and to try to acquire habits that should be useful to them in the dark days to come.

"Three years, is a good while, dear Charles, and I think by that time I can become fully equal to undertake both the superintendence and attendance of our little city tenement. What salary do you hope to get, dear Charles ?"

There was a roguish twinkle in her eye, that belied the anxious tone of her voice, but Charles was too full of trouble to mind it, and answered gloomily :

"I'm sure I don't know. It will be a sad change for you, my poor May."

"I shn't let it be so much of a change as it would be, now, for I have given both my chambermaid and nurse warning this morning. Betty will be willing to undertake general housework, and I shall take care of the baby myself. Is that well, my husband ?"

A warm kiss and embrace answered her, and although Charles tried to dissuade her from the plan, she persisted, nor did she find that health or mind suffered in consequence of her increased duties.

Time went swiftly on, and the three years were nearly over. So nearly, that Ellis had determined to give his partners notice of his intention to withdraw, and mentioned this resolve to May, but she asked him so earnestly to wait for a few days that he consented.

The next day May wrote again to her father, and this time she was answered by a large packet containing a letter addressed to her husband, and a long one to herself, besides a formidable legal looking document.

She read her own letter with tears and broken exclamations of joy. Then she put both letter and document in her desk, and laid that addressed to her husband on the hall table, where it was customary to put whatever letters and papers arrived through the day from the post-office at Drowsydale.

Charles, upon coming home, took it up listlessly and opened it, but as he read, his cheek flushed, his eye lighted, and a look of hope and joy which had long been a stranger to his face, once more gladdened the eyes of the delighted May, who was peeping from behind the parlor door.

As the letter was short and pithy, I will give it to my readers as a conclusion, leaving it to their imaginations to supply the effort which it produced. It ran thus :

"SON CHARLES :—You may remember that at the time you first mentioned building a house, I expressed my ideas upon the subject. The event has proved that they were correct.

"Now, young man, you could not complain if to pay the penalty of your obstinacy, you were to lose, as you expected to, not only the home for which you have paid so dear, but the position which you have so assiduously gained in the world ; but I cannot but feel as if the three years of anticipation which you have just gone through may answer as a lesson, without the actual suffering, which, were you left to yourself, would surely follow. So I will at once inform you that nearly three years ago I purchased of Mr. Isaac Samuels all right and title that he possessed to your estate, and that I have this day forwarded to your wife a title deed of the house, vested in her own name, and I the more readily do this, that by giving you once more a home of your own, I save you from all danger of ever again committing that suicidal folly of 'building a house.'"

CHARITY IN JUDGMENT.—Never let it be forgotten that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single human being of which other men have such a knowledge as to ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents, and the real determining causes of its merits—as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

England and the United States are now about the only countries in the world—we except a few smaller States—where the press is entirely free, and where a man may write an editorial or a book without the fear of government officials using the scissors where he has used the pen, or suppressing his labor altogether. In Russia the press is a mockery—in Austria the same—in Italy a nonentity—in France, killed outright, stifled and strangled by Queen Victoria's friend, the new-made knight of the garter. The *auto da fe* which the curate, the barber and the housekeeper made of poor Don Quixotte's library, reminds us of the proceedings of the inquisitorial gangs of officials, who, in the despotic states of Europe destroy without remorse the labor of years, because it does not happen to square with the notions of the crowned minions who have the power to destroy what they have not the brains to conceive or comprehend.

Leo X. by a bull of 1515, completely established the ecclesiastical superintendency of the press. This was done to suppress heretical opinions. From time to time different councils published carefully prepared indexes of prohibited works. The ecclesiastical censorship was afterwards imitated and adopted by the secular authorities. If it was right to suppress heretical opinions, it was certainly right to suppress the views of political opponents. Sometimes local governments interfered with the tyranny of ecclesiastical authorities in behalf of a free literature and a free press. The censorship of the press in England, during the sway of the Stuarts, was confided to the infamous Star Chamber, and abolished in 1641. In Holland, in the 17th century, the press was almost entirely free.

The efforts of tyrants to suppress the truth was never completely successful even in Europe. Books prohibited in France are printed in some adjacent country where the same language is spoken, and find their way back in spite of the vigilance of frontier custom house officials and spies everywhere. Thus Victor Hugo's scorching pamphlet, "Napoleon the Little," printed in London, in French, finds its way to Paris, and is read by thousands who enjoy the moral flaying alive to which the brilliant and powerful author subjects his brutal enemy. His "Chastisements," printed at Brussels in a portable shape, infallibly glide into France, and pour poison into the ears of the subjects of the imperial scamp, and prepare them for the "good time coming," when all true lovers of their country will be called upon to rally round the throne, not for the purpose of upholding it, but to upheave it, as the same people did that of Louis Philippe—poor fellow—quite a decent man, compared to the present "cut-purse of the empire."

In all the despotic countries of Europe, France included, there is now a rigid and general censorship of the book-trade and the press, and this supervision extends to foreign books imported into the above countries. The Holy Alliance of crowned scoundrels and fools, whom the battle of Waterloo and the arms of England set on their legs, have arranged this matter in the most beautiful way. They are the candle-snuffers of creation—their business being to put out the light and produce the greatest possible amount of moral and intellectual darkness. It is all done, however, decently, orderly, and according to rule and system. The following is the way in which Austria uses the extinguishers. She has four forms. 1. *Admittitur*—it is admit—which means that the books or journals referred to, are entirely free. 2. *Transeat*—it may pass—signifies that the book or newspaper is free, but must not be advertised for sale. 3. *Expa Schedam*, signifies that the publication may be sold only to public officers, and literary men after they have procured a permit to purchase. 4. *Damnetur*—it is condemned—expresses entire prohibition.

We can hardly conceive of this state of things in a country where publication is free as air. Here there is indeed a censorship of the press—but it is the censorship of public opinion. Before the verdict of an enlightened public opinion—treason, fanaticism, scandal, immorality stand rebuked. Severe censure or withering neglect awaits those journals which are false to the spirit and the mission of the press—while success attends those who are true to their calling, and honest, sincere and eloquent in the expression of their opinions.

ANNA CLAYTON.—We have rarely met with a work of more exciting interest than the one bearing the above title. For its authoress we predict an enviable place in the ranks of female writers. It is published by James French & Co., Boston.

APOLLO.—Temperance and a clear sky are Apollo and the Muses.

AMATEUR ARTISTS.

Some of the performances of amateur artists in the way of drawing, painting and modelling are very creditable, but alas! the great majority are simply excruciating. Amateur landscape painters are awful sinners against the rules of art. In figures and cattle they are apt to make the heaviest breakdowns. When the hero of Dr. Bird's "Hawks of Hawk-Hollow" is exhibiting with much complacency his view of Col. Loring's residence, the "Folly," the old gentleman exclaims: "Lord bless me, so it is! here's the old Folly, with my two negroes, Jim and Sam, driving the cows out of the yard." "No, colonel," replies the offended amateur, "those are the two young ladies on horseback." What a woful thing is a mournful piece executed by some

> "Maid of the village Inn
> Who worketh wo in satin.
> The grass in black, the graves in green,
> The epitaph in latin."

We were reading lately an anecdote respecting two French amateurs which is quite apropos. Beauvallet, an actor of the French theatre, has a passion for painting. His landscapes—for he prefers landscape—do not lack a certain originality. Seen from a distance, his men look like old willows planted along the roadside; but to compensate for that defect, his trees look as if they wore wigs. Barroilhet, another pictorial amateur, who has a passion for retouching every picture he purchases, was paying a visit to a lady the other day. He perceived a small landscape in a corner of the parlor.

"That's not badly done," said he to the lady. "It is a picture by Mr. Beauvallet," replied the mistress of the house.

"Only," replied the artist. "It has too naked a look. There ought to be a traveller—a monk—a man on horseback, something to enliven the landscape, as we say. 'Tis an affair of a couple of dashes of the brush, I'll see to it."

Barolhet unhooked the picture, and his visit ended, carried it away under his arm. Two days afterwards, the landscape, reviewed, corrected and augmented, had resumed its place in the saloon.

Beauvallet—the gentleman who painted it, on the occasion of his visiting the lady, noticed at a glance the change which had been made in his picture.

"What is that?" he exclaimed, rising to get a nearer view of the painting.

"A man on horseback," replied the lady. "You forgot to put one on the road, and Mr. Baroilhet thought it would make it look better."

"On the road!" exclaimed the enraged artist, "why, bless your soul, ma'am—*that's a river!*" Comment is unnecessary.

SELF-SUPPORTING SCAFFOLD.

Mr. Dearborn of this city has lately invented a very ingenious self-sustaining scaffold, which has been exhibited on the City Hall grounds, School Street, attracting great attention from mechanics. It is intended for the use of carpenters, painters, masons, etc., but at least one half the city, seeing the model in the vicinity of the old Court House, jumped to the conclusion that it was an apparatus for enabling Jack Ketch to execute capital punishment in the most scientific manner. School Street was avoided by timid old ladies, as if the Upas tree had been planted beside the statue of Eve at the fountain, and the opponents of capital punishment denounced the exhibition as an outrage on the sensibilities of the community. It was a nine days' wonder, and was then taken down

A LOW BLACK SCHOONER.

A little 110 ton schooner which recently sailed from this port, excited a good deal of attention while she lay in the bay, from the fact, that she was very heavily armed, and took on board a great quantity of muskets, ammunition and hogshead shooks. The United States authorities very properly examined her, but the owners of the vessel and cargo satisfactorily proved that she was bound on a trading voyage to the Pacific, and her cargo consisted of such wares as are acceptable to the savages of the western waters. The schooner was the Tickler, Captain George Hubbard. She is said to be a very fast sailer. Her armament consists of four swivels and two six pound cannon, but she is not intended either to batter down the Moro Castle or to depopulate the slave coast.

SAVED BY HIS WIFE.—It is said that it was only the presence of the lovely and amiable Eugenie beside him, during his late visit to England, which saved Louis Napoleon from the knife or bullet of some maddened French exile. We are glad he escaped. Assassination is in no case justifiable—and we certainly have no wish that Louis should become a martyr. Perhaps a just retribution for his crimes is not far distant.

RESIGNATION.—Hawthorne's contemplated resignation of the Liverpool consulship is said to be owing to the passage of the Diplomatic Bill which cuts down the salaries of consuls. More likely that he is satisfied with two years' income, and prefers to return to literature. We shall be content, if he gives us another Scarlet Letter.

WHO WRITES THEM?—The endorsements on bank bills—such as—"my last dollar—now for the Prussic acid!"—"O, the gaming-table—my wife and children are now beggars, etc." We suspect some comfortable wags are the authors of these inscriptions.

REASONABLE.—"Why do you abuse your uncle, Ned?" asked Plimmins of a sulky heir. "What crime has he committed?" "Crime!" replied the expectant, surlily. "He is guilty of unjustifiable longevity."

CUBAN JUNTA.—The famous Cuban Junta of New York, is said to have dissolved in despair of present success. Their debts will be cancelled by the sale of two of their steamships.

EQUINE.—"My prospects are going to *Brighten*," as the old horse said, when he took the Milldam road last Thursday.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The New Yorkers seem to be quite happy now their yearly moving is over.

There is a regular line of steamers now between Philadelphia and Bermuda.

Several woodland counties in North Carolina, have been swept by fire.

In some parts of Canada, the people have broken open flour stores to avoid starving.

Eight thousand emigrants arrived in Minnesota in the space of ten days recently.

Four thousand European emigrants arrived at New York in a single day.

A picture of a bull by Paul Potter, is valued at $100,000.

The London Punch and Diogenes make fun of Louis Napoleon's visit.

Motts. Godard, the New Orleans balloonist, travelled 310 miles in six hours.

An edition of Bryant's poems has been published in Dessau, Prussia.

In Madrid, a monthly tribunal settles the disputes of the editorial fraternity.

A man in New York who strayed into low company was robbed of $1350.

The village of Jenksville, R. I., is offered for sale—inhabitants thrown in.

Die Clapperton, a famous race mare, has been sold in North Carolina for $2500.

Captain John A. Webber, U. S. A., recently died at the Watertown arsenal.

A horse in Boston bit a young lady's shoulder to testify his affection.

One farmer in Illinois planted ten thousand acres of corn this year.

Three hundred acres of woodland were lately burned over in Saugus.

Mr. George Roberts is again sole proprietor of the Boston Daily Times.

The Boston Chronicle has changed hands, and is now published by R. C. Nichols & Co.

The Boston Times issues now a morning and evening edition.

Mr. Joseph Proctor, the tragedian, occupies a little estate at North Cambridge.

The prospect for crops at the West is glorious. Glad to hear it.

Madame La Grange, the new prima donna, is turning the heads of all New York.

DANDIES BY THE MONTH.

There are conditions of existence, says a French editor, which successively disappear. To carve well at table was formerly a talent the possession of which procured a man not only invitations to the best tables, but the certainty of eating the tit-bits. Now carving is no longer performed at table—it is confided to servants. The *elegant*, or dandy, for a long time enjoyed great success in society. The conditions of his part were very difficult. They have successively been very much simplified. Yellow gloves have been substituted for white hands; wit, smartness, politeness, knowledge of the world and tact, have given place to the "frigid air," the "English air;" a well cut pair of pantaloons takes the place of a well-formed leg. A company has been formed which undertakes to furnish dandies at three dollars a month. The company furnishes the subscribers with so many hats, so many patent-leather boots, and so many overcoats a year—the whole wardrobe conforming to the most authentic fashion plates; an eye glass or opera glass is thrown in. You pay your three dollars a month, and there is an end of your trouble. The company makes you a dandy, a fashionable man, a regular lady-killer. You pay in advance, of course—a necessary precaution to secure the association against loss. You must renew your subscription before its expiration, otherwise you are exposed to the fate of Cinderilla, who on leaving the prince's ball after midnight, found herself reduced to the garb of a scullion. If you do not choose to renew your subscription, you are transformed to your former man—you resume your well brushed beaver, your seedy coat, your shoe's boots. You resign your opera glass—and society—that is, fashionable city expels you from its brilliant circle. The peacock becomes the jackdaw. The lady who polked with you at the court ball, passes you by without a smile of recognition—Prince Prettyman has become a chimney-sweep.

APOCRYPHAL.—In Paris they are getting up an establishment for suicides. The following is the tariff of charges—it appears reasonable—"use of rope for hanging—two frances; pan of charcoal and close room, two frances; Prussic acid—one franc; use of rain water cistern—one franc. Remains carried to the morgue gratis." There is a higher charge for those who prefer to throw themselves from the fourth story window.

A CALIFORNIA JUDGE.—We lately had the pleasure of shaking hands with our friend Judge Campbell, of Calaveras County, California. He was looking, to quote the language of T. K. B., another Californian, "as fine as a lily-bird on a plum-root."

CLERICAL DESTITUTION.—A clergyman seventy years old, who was living in this city without the means of paying his board, was lately on application of his landlady, sent to the House of Industry. Such cases are common in England, but this is the only one we ever heard of in this country.

COME TO HAND.—Our English correspondent G., who wrote us, addressing, "City of Massachusetts, State of Boston, Delaware," is informed that his letter has reached us at last. It was a long time on the way, and arrived covered with post marks.

ARSENIC.—This drug is said to be a sovereign cure for consumption. We wonder if prussic acid wont be found to be a mild and pleasant tonic?

REMORSE.—A man in Missouri administered on his father's estate against his dying injunction, and then shot himself to atone for his disobedience.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents

"The Midnight Guest," a tale by Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM
"Nina," a story, by Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON
"Hilda Wilder; or The Candlewick Trail," a tale by BAR PAISLEY POORE
"The Minstrel's Curse," a poetical legend by CARL BERNET
"The Dying Girl," lines by J. S. FERRISS
"My Love is not an Angel," verses by DE FLETCHER HUNTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine pictorial representation of New Hampshire—one of our descriptive engravings of the States.

A large and effective view of East Indian scenes in Calcutta, East Indies.

An artistic engraving from a painting, of Nama and Egeria in the Grotto of Egeria.

View of Constantinople, as seen from the Harbor.
Representation of Falls of Lewis Fork, Oregon.
View of a celebrated natural curiosity, Pyramid Lake, in Utah Territory.
A picture of the Sierra Convent, River Douro, Oporto, Portugal.
View of the Bar of Oporto, Portugal.
Portrait of John N. Genin of New York.
View of the French Cemetery, New Orleans.
A large, whole page representation of the City of Utica, New York.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

A ship lately sailed from Liverpool for Australia with a cargo of 262 unmarried females

A tribunal of honor, consisting of five members, is to be chosen at Madrid every month, to arrange personal disputes between gentlemen of the press in that city.

Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," in his own handwriting, was recently sold by auction for two guineas. Burns's "Coiter's Saturday Night," on the same occasion, brought $20 10s.

At Constantinople, April 15, a portion of the equipage of the French emperor had arrived. The town of Broussa is overthrown by the last earthquake. There were 150 shocks. Fire has now destroyed the remaining ruins.

A post-office is established at the Crimea by the British government. A postmaster and three assistants are stationed there, and eighteen horses and mules are required for the transportation of the mails.

A petition praying that Mr. Smith O'Brien may be allowed to return to England, has been signed by several members of the House of Peers, and by nearly one hundred and thirty members of the House of Commons.

It is intended to hold a "Grand Bazaar" in London to promote the movement now making to extend the use of free labor in cotton goods, with a view to the discouragement of slavery in the American States.

They are making excellent fuel in England out of refuse coal-dust. The process adopted is merely heating and pressing this dust into molds or bricks, when the fuel is found quite equal in all respects to the coal from which it is produced.

On the 19th April, two floating batteries, the Meteor and the Thunder, were launched near London. The length of each was 172 feet, breadth 42 feet, depth 14 feet, and tonnage 1460. They are covered with four inch plates of iron, and are pierced for 28 ten inch Lancaster guns, carrying 68 pound balls.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A quiet mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar yet superior to our own.

If the ear of a friend is the sanctuary of evil reports, there alone they are safely preserved.

Lord Erskine, speaking of animals, hesitating to call them brutes, hit upon that happy phrase—"the mute creation."

How can we expect to understand the mysteries of Providence, since we cannot understand the works of nature?

The world is generally willing to support those who solicit favor, against those who command revenge. He is easily praised whom no man can envy.

Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation, or animate enterprise.

It is the difficulties and injuries which poets have met with, that have given rise to their finest effusions; like brooks whose sweet murmur is produced by the obstructions they encounter.

It is not well to have many enemies, but it is worse, far worse to have many friends. A useless friend is a millstone about one's neck. Next to one's self, one's worst enemy is an intimate friend.

What is fashion? A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

What is happiness? A butterfly that roves from flower to flower in the sun's garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the vain multitude in hope of obtaining the prize—yet it continually eludes their grasp.

Joker's Budget.

Some persons take more trouble in looking for pins than they would for stars.

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it.

We have met with a very curious sort of lady, which we scarcely expected. An advertisement runs thus: "Lost, a purple and black lady's cap."

Napoleon said in 1812: "In my dictionary the word, impossible, cannot be found." At a later date, he probably procured a more perfect copy.

At the Printer's festival at Lowell, the following definitions were given: *Free Progress*—Subscriptions in advance. *Old Fogyism*—Owing a printer's bill.

A young lady declared in our hearing the other day, that she would marry no man who could not keep a carriage and horse. We presume her favorite air is—"Wait for the wagon."

Good intentions! my dear sir—good intentions! Believe me, my dear sir, a Bengal tiger, with his tail up, is not half as dangerous as a genuine fool with good intentions!—*Sidney Smith.*

It is found that women make the very best clerks for the electric telegraph. Very rarely, indeed are they at fault. The only difficulty is to prevent each young lady at either end of the line from having the last word.

Printers are said to be intellectual smelters, who receive the dross for their labor, while the world gets the metal; and editors the locomotives of society, which cannot go ahead without them.

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered—"What would you think, my dear, if I had my new silk gown on?"

Quill and Scissors.

While Mrs. Danforth, of Warren, Pa., was engaged in housework, a lightning stroke descended upon her, burning the hair from the crown of the head to the back of the neck, melting her hair pins, and proceeding down her body—leaving its mark as it went—until it passed through the floor. Strange to say, the lady is rapidly recovering.

A short time since, at A. Hull's plantation near Athens, Georgia, when the sky was perfectly cloudless, a whirlwind suddenly sprang up, which scattered in every direction a strong "staked and ridered" fence, raised the roof off his stable, sixty feet in length, and twisted and tore up the pines in a neighboring old field at a terrible rate.

A tavern keeper in New Orleans, recently attempted, with the assistance of two accomplices, to hang a policeman in his bar room, because he thought the officer had informed on him for selling liquor without a license, and "anyhow, he had made up his mind to hang a policeman!"

The correspondent of the New Orleans Bee, at Mexico, asserts that Santa Anna was so seriously ill, that he was not expected to live, his malady being an affection of the head, causing a perfect stupor. The bad news from the South is supposed to have exaggerated his sickness.

It is quite fashionable now in Albany for persons to charter some small steamboat and take a short excursion for exercise and fresh air before breakfast. A steamer is always ready to fire up every pleasant morning at a rate only a little higher than the price of a horse and buggy.

Since the temporary repeal of the old New York license law, it is said that St. Anthony's Nose, upon the banks of the Hudson, has been getting redder and redder. At last accounts, the forests upon it were being consumed by a raging fire.

The leading wholesale fancy goods houses of Boston have made arrangements to close their places of business on Saturday afternoons, during the summer. This we consider a very commendable movement, and one worthy of imitation by our wholesale houses.

David Newman, who died lately in Granville county, North Carolina, was a calain boy of Paul Jones, a cannonier for Rogers at Tunis, an actor in the scenes at Tripoli, and at Sandy Fork a corporal in the Philadelphia regiment.

Three daring ladies came down the Susquehanna from Oswego to Columbia on a raft, the other day, stopping at the latter place over Sunday, and then proceeded toward tide-water. The excursion was undertaken for pleasure!

At the late visit of Sir Edmund Head to Montreal, the city government engaged rooms for him at the Donnegane House. They now refuse to pay the bill, and the landlady has sued Sir Edmund for the amount.

At the last accounts, about one thousand persons were just starting from Neosho for the Wichelaw Mountains, up the Arkansas river, where it is said there is plenty of gold.

Herr Driesbach, the celebrated lion tamer, has left the embrace of the animals, and settled down quietly on a farm in Wisconsin, with a blooming Buckeye girl for a wife.

Even ploughing is not a safe employment. Henry Cline, of Malta, New York, was struck in the stomach by the handles of his plough, while turning in the field, and fatally injured.

Albert Day, of Hartford, was elected president of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, in place of Isaac Davis, of Massachusetts, declined.

There has been a riot at Hanover, N. H., between the students of Dartmouth College and of the Military Academy, on the opposite side of the river.

Rev. Mr. Cummings, editor of the Christian Mirror, Portland, has fallen heir to a fortune of fifty thousand dollars or more.

Flour was selling at Halifax, at the last accounts, at sixteen dollars a barrel; hay at thirty dollars a ton.

The Maryland lotteries will be broken up in 1859, the Constitution of the State forbidding them after that time.

Ex postmaster Kendall has been again arrested on another charge of robbing a letter from Galveston to parties in New Orleans of $500.

All the principal hotel keepers at Albany, N. Y., have voluntarily agreed that they will close their bar rooms on Sundays.

A destitute family in Hagerstown, Pa., who received an order upon a store for the necessaries of life by the relief committee, headed its list of wants with three pints of whiskey.

Charles A. Arundel, of Fairfax county, Va., has been arrested for forging pension papers.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Fales, Mr. Cyrus G. Smith to Miss Emily M. Huddleston.

By Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. James P. Neal to Miss Ellen M. Pearce.

By Rev. Mr. Muir, Mr. Alexander Ross to Miss Christina McKay.

By Rev. Mr. Worcott, Mr. L. Clark Dye to Miss Sarah T. Boerum, all of this city.

By Rev. Mr. Shuse, Mr. Nahum M. Dow to Miss Martha M. Russell.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. George H. Gould to Miss Harriet Knights.

By Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. De Witt Brackett to Miss Eliza Ann Cushing.

By Rev. Mr. Ingulf, Mr. Albert Rose to Miss Catharine Long.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. George W. Whittie to Miss Harriet L. Lincoln.

At Brighton, Mr. Charles D. Griggs to Miss Elizabeth A. Whitney.

At Roxbury, Mr. John H. Hawes to Miss Fidelia Pierce.

At Salem, Mr. William M. Upton to Miss Lucretia Mansfield.

At Newtonville, by Rev. Mr. Fales, Mr. Elijah T. Sherman to Miss Kate M. Roberts.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. William Feltham to Miss Mary Ann Thompson.

At Portland, by Rev. Mr. Moor, Mr. Lucius W. Knight to Miss Lucy K. Stickney.

At New York, by Rev. Dr. Armitage, Mr. J. Gilmour Reid to Miss Agatha Wheeler.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Emma E. Howe, 18. Miss Jane B. Jones, 27. Miss Harriet B. Hatch, 20. Mrs. Catharine D. Cole, 24. Mr. Sarah S. Marchal, 19. Mrs. Eliza B. Cushing, 61. Mr. David B. Leeraw, 24. Mr. A. J. Town of Fitchburg, 60.

At South Boston, Mrs. Judith Bishop, 82.

At Charlestownport, Mrs. Sarah B. Orcutt, 69.

At West Cambridge, Miss Maria A., daughter of Mr. Moses Procter, 21.

At East Boston, Mr. James Bartlett, 46.

At Roxbury, Emma Marie, daughter of Mr. Joseph and Ellen Jackson, 3 years.

At Waltham, Mr. Isaac F. Miller, son of Mr. Thomas F. Miller, 22.

At Salem, Miss Mary Jane Brown, daughter of Mr. Epes Brown, 27.

At Lynn, Mrs. Sally Frank, 65.

At Danvers, James W., son of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, 16.

At Marblehead, Mr. John Chinn, 72.

At Essex, Mr. Jonathan Story.

At Gloucester, Mr. Joseph Trask, 79.

At Newburyport, Mr. Enoch Merrill, 73.

At Fairhaven, Mr. Jacob Sampson, 81.

At Ware, N. H. Mr. William A. Gove, 19.

At Portland, Mr. Luther Fossel, 64.

At Jonesboro, Me. Mrs. Polly Moody, 82.

At Bristol, R. I. Mr. John Chadwick, 61.

At Sterling, Conn. Mr. Benjamin Briggs, 94.

At Bucksport, Me. John Henderson, 59.

At Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Ann B. Hoppin.

At College Hill, Ohio, Dr. R. H. Bishop, 78.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES INSCRIBED TO I. V. L.

BY I. S. COLOM.

Far away, beyond the deep blue sea,
O'er many a weary league of ocean wave,
That intervenes and sunders us and thee,
Thou dwellest now where foaming billows lave
That golden shore, oft the adventurer's grave,
But they who wander far, and hope to see
A land of plenty, and no more would crave,
Will find in this fair clime reality
Of all they dream of, and what more should be.

We miss thee ever, but at evening time,
When gathered round our cheerful household hearth,
Cheerful, yet less so, for thy voice, whose chime
We miss so much that there is less of mirth,
For then alone wert one who gave it birth.
And who so kind, so gentle and so good,
So fit to make a paradise of earth,
And well thy childhood's promise hath withstood
The lapse of years, confirmed in womanhood.

Thy home is now beneath a sunny sky,
'Mong strangers and within a stranger land;
But there is one who bears thee company,
Would make that home though on a desert sand,
Whose soul with manly virtues doth expand,
And shed their blessings upon all he loves.
Cling to his arm, it wields an open hand,
'Twill guard thee safe and kindly as a dove,
And ever in the right, on which Heaven smiles, approves.

Farewell, a few more years may pass away,
Ere we will greet thee 'neath our roof again;
A few more years of absence must delay
The happy hour, when joy will banish pain.
A thought whose memory, like an electric chain,
Thrills every pulse the distance may divide,
With hope, whose anchor ever will sustain
The doubting heart, whose wish would set aside
The happy destiny in which thou shouldst confide.

Farewell!—that word, which held so long in thrall
The trembling tears within their native spring,
Is spoken—and unconsciously they fall,
Yet no relief unto the heart they bring.
Still the clasped hand tenaciously will cling,
And will not part, lest they should join no more.
A thought that adds another, keener sting
To life, than any it has felt before,
Ere now the final shock that tells us all is o'er.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LAST SUPPER OF NERO.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It was now more than twelve years that Œnobarbus Nero had governed the world. Domitian, his father, had said of him at the moment of his birth: "Only a monster could be born of Agrippina and myself." In his earliest youth, Nero was tempted to give the lie to the paternal prediction. But hypocrisy is an incessant labor, and the son of Agrippina and Domitian had not strength to retain the mask of virtue already adored by the credulous universe. Nero had killed his mother, Burrhus and Seneca, Britannicus, his brother, Octavia, his wife; he had burned half the city of Rome; he had devoured gold; he had drank blood at his leisure; decimated the senate; let loose the beasts of the amphitheatres on the populace; with other crimes still more heinous. Mankind groaned beneath their weight; it had become necessary that he should die.

Nero was a skilful coachman, an intrepid dancer; he played tragedy and comedy with much art. He was of medium stature, but his form was not deficient in elegance; his features were regular, his neck somewhat thick, his eyes blue, his countenance usually mild, his hair very beautiful; he wore it raised on his head, and falling in curls over his neck. His voice was musical; it had been carefully trained. He had studied philosophy, poesy, the art of oratory painting and sculpture; but music was his ruling passion—music, which softens the manners, elevates and purifies the soul; he lived for it, and valued only the triumphs it brought him.

The son of Agrippina, Œnobarbus Nero, was indeed a great musician! It had thus been for more than twelve years that he had enchanted the world by the melody of his voice, and the magic of his performances on the cithara, when he wished to put the climax to his glory by winning crowns at Corinth, Elis, Pisa, Olympia and Cassiopea. And when he returned to Italy, landing at Naples, he caused a part of the walls to be pulled down that he might enter on a car drawn by eight white horses. In this manner he crossed Campania, Alba and Antium, and appeared at the gates of Rome. There he mounted the car which had been used in the triumphs of Augustus. He was clad in a robe of purple, and a mantle studded with stars; he wore on his head a crown of the Olympic Games; in his right hand, he carried that of the Pythian Games. Other crowns, to the number of two hundred, were borne before him on rich cushions; applauders showed them to the people, and explained to them the subjects chanted by the triumpher. The portico of the Grand Amphitheatre was demolished to allow him to pass; he traversed thus only the Forum, to repair to the temple of Apollo Palatinus. During his march, the *victimarii* immolated bulls and rams; the censer-bearers perfumed the air with sweet odors; the Via Sacra was strewed with gold dust and flowers; thousands of birds were set free, and flew away, trembling with joy. Arrived at the Golden House, the conqueror caused all his crowns to be suspended around the imperial bed. He ordered that his statue should be clad in the same costume which he wore in Achaia, on the day in which he sang there. He sacrificed to the gods for the health of his voice, and gave an immense fete to his friends.

The son of Agrippina was indeed a great artist! He was the divine lover of music—of music which softens manners, elevates and purifies the soul! Therefore, during the hours of idleness which succeeded the day of his last triumph, he was slowly promenading in his gardens, voluptuously inhaling the breeze playing in the shade. The Palatine Hill was beautiful; the mid-day sun was covering it with a luminous network. The son of Agrippina contemplated at his leisure the immense extent of porticoes, of sacred forests, of lakes and meadows, which he had added to his grounds; he congratulated himself at having removed their boundaries to Mons Esquilinus, and even beyond the gardens of Mæcenas. The great artist-emperor smiled with pride and joy, and from time to time stopped to trace some lines in the sand with a wand which he held in his hand. Very soon he saw approaching his nurse, Alexandra, who was still beautiful, notwithstanding her forty-eight years; she often pleased herself by saying that she had eighteen harvests of experience more than her beloved nursling.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, on seeing her enter the garden, "here is the woman to whom the universe owes altars; she has nourished the most melodious of birds—for it is said that I sang in the cradle. What wit thou, Alexandra? Thou seemest affrighted. Fear not for my throat; it is shielded from the heat by the lint and roseleaves in which I have enveloped it."

"My dear son," replied the nurse, "do not think of singing to day; but rather convoke the senate and the consuls, and expedite orders to the legions of Spain and Gaul. It is said they are preparing to revolt. It is even declared that Vindex, the *Propractor*, has laid aside his command, and secretly returned to Rome. You know his audacity."

"I am certain," replied Nero, "that he is at this moment beyond the Alps. I have received a message from him."

"And if he brought it himself, my son?"

"What folly!" added Cæsar. "And do you count for nothing this army of informers, whom I pay so largely? If Vindex, the *Propractor*, had thought of quitting Gaul, even this thought would have been already borne to me, as on the wings of the wind. I see clearly that my dear Alexandra is ignorant of the traditions of Tiberius, so often explained to me by Agrippina."

"What a worthy mother you had in her, my son!"

"I mourn her daily; death is pitiless. Wherever it sees a pious and tender child, it soon makes of it an orphan."

"And yet there are those who dare to accuse Nero!"

"Let them talk, Alexandra. Better that a hundred idlers should talk, than one man act."

"Your genius reveals itself daily. I begin to be re-assured on the subject of Vindex. But they have spoken to me, also, of Galba."

"Ah! old Galba?—him, to whom I gave the government of Tarraconensis, and who is, doubtless, at this moment, relating to his familiars some *bon mots* of old Lina Augusta, his aunt, that virtuous woman. Before the unwieldy Galba conspires against me, the elephants of the circus will play the flute."

"Your wit is too playful. Reflect that you are an emperor."

"I am an artist, Alexandra."

"But we must not laugh at omens; fatal ones have been related to me. It is said that your favorite Asturian horse ran away through the field, uttering cries like a human being."

"That was strange," replied Nero.

"And this very morning the Lares fell in the Sacrarium, at the moment we were adorning them with offerings."

"That is a fatal omen!" exclaimed the son of Agrippina with downcast head. "Nevertheless, my gentle nurse," resumed he, "I must sing this evening with Menecrates, and dance a pyrrhus with Spicillus, the gladiator. I have promised it to my friends; and, above all things, I am a devoted artist. You ought to be proud of having nursed such a child."

"Yes, a charming child; he cried only in song!—his screams were harmonious. And his smile!—it was a ray of sunlight. He was so handsome, this Nero, that the Roman ladies, when they saw me with him, caused their litters to be stopped, and prayed me to give him to them to kiss."

"Go on, Alexandra, you rejoice my heart."

"And your heart is so tender."

"I believe you. Yesterday I pardoned an old senator, who was seized with a cough while I was repeating some Homeric verses."

"I do not doubt your magnanimity."

"There are those who do. Tell me, Alexandra, what think you of my last edict against the Christians? Do not flatter me; be sincere."

"Your edict is just; the Christians deny the immortal gods."

"And my edict is also a new proof of love for the Roman people; all the gladiators who come to us from Gaul or Thrace do not equal a single Christian in boldness or dignity in the circus with the lions. The young Christian females, especially, die with inimitable grace. They resemble the flowers of the lotus, broken by the wind, which droop their heads languishingly. Do you comprehend?"

"O, my love! your slightest acts have a delicacy not to be surpassed. What, then, has endowed you with this exquisite sensibility?"

"What! Can you ask, Alexandra? It is music. I am a musician. Here is the secret of my wisdom, my benevolence, and my glory."

"Let thy cithara, then, be placed in the number of the constellations! Let thy voice move tigers, and bring them to thy feet! Let thy word pacify the universe!"

"Magnificent idea! I have a horror of war. Blood terrifies me. Apropos, Alexandra, have you seen Locusta? Does she bring me the phials and boxes which I demanded of her?"

"You shall have them, Nero. Why these medicaments?"

"For ailments of the throat. I have several friends who suffer from these. I wish to relieve them. I am something of a physician; Locusta is my industrious magician; her genius divines mine: I point out the disease, she instantly composes a remedy. O, she is a matron worthy of consular honors. Will she come to-night, Alexandra?"

"She will come. I leave thee, Nero, to sacrifice to Juno Lucina. I have myself placed thee under her guardianship. Pray, my love, do not neglect my advice. Think of Vindex, of Galba, of the legions of Gaul and Spain; sinister rumors are afloat."

"Go, my gentle nurse; Rome and the world have need of Nero. And besides, what imports happiness or misfortune? The artist lives everywhere."

Alexandra quitted the palace; Nero continued his solitary promenade.

There was then in Rome a young girl, named Appollonia, celebrated for her beauty. Her mother, Flavia, had educated her in retirement, far from the corrupt manners of the city. Flavia Metella, fearing to be too near Nero in her domain, at the extremity of Campania, had decided to seek a more sure asylum for Apollonia and herself, in the island of Pandataria. She had lived there two years, lost to Italy. The only man who was in the confidence of her retreat was Vindex, *Propractor* in Gaul, a young man, allied to the family of Metellus. He had visited the two Roman ladies in their isolated dwelling, and the last time he had left them, sinister presages had afflicted him. Before separating, Vindex and Flavia had offered sacrifices for the welfare of Apollonia. The young Roman, confiding, as one is always at the eighteenth year of life, often went to muse on the sea shore, seeking sheltered retreats, where she might chant to the murmuring waves verses of the divine Virgil. Whoever had met her, seated on a tumulus, shaded by palm-trees, would have paused in admiration before this majestic brow, which Flavia Metella loved to crown with olive and vervain. Like the muse, Apollonia's glance was animated with a chaste ray. At the least sound, her cheeks were colored with carmine, and the folds of her soft tunic swelled with emotion. The Elysian Virgil was beloved by this dreamy virgin. Often had the young Apollonia thought she saw pass, in the clouds, or among the foliage, the pale shade of him who sang of Dido; often had she paused before a swan, which frequented the shores of the island, uncertain whether the solitary bird was not the soul of the poet, hovering over the waters. Now, there was some resemblance between the melancholy countenance of Vindex and that of the child of Mantua. Vindex was also a dreamer; his nature was at once tender and heroic. His eyes softened with affection as they rested on the modest brow of the daughter of Flavia, but were suddenly animated with a sparkling fire if the slightest accident reminded him of Nero and his crushed country. This is the reason why the beautiful Apollonia loved the *Propractor*. The latter, before setting out for Gaul, had allowed her to divine that great commotions might soon convulse the empire, and had sworn to her that at all events he would rejoin her in the island of Pandataria. Vindex was powerful at Rome, and with the army.

One evening, Apollonia, enamored with the beauty of the sunset, had remained later than usual, watching the dolphins as they sported on the bosom of the purple waves. She laughed at their mad joy; she followed with her eyes the circles which they traced on the transparent element. The swift dolphins changed colors as the oblique rays struck their scales. Apollonia was quickly lost in strange illusions; the young girl thought she saw emerging from the waves, the cortege of the god of evening, marine shells glided over the waves, sea-horses dashed sheaves of foam around them with their sinuous croups and webbed feet. Alas! Apollonia saw even the white Galatea, borne on a car of pearl and coral. Her long tresses fell over one shoulder like a golden scarf over snow; her beautiful feet rested on verdant moss, whence rose a lotus flower caressed by a goddess. The harmonious winds murmured around her like harps; the breeze sighed love, and the star of Vesper smiled on the horizon.

"O, thou!" exclaimed the poetic Apollonia, "goddess, white and light, goddess of modest loves, take pity on me, a mortal, and let my life flow on in the shade, as quiet as unknown!"

"Very modest desires for one so beautiful!" replied a mysterious voice, which was not that of Galatea.

Apollonia turned in surprise. She saw a young man as handsome as Ganymede, who held out his arms to her. Taking him to be a god, she was about to prostrate herself, when the latter immediately raised her, and smiling at her reverence, added these words:

"What doest thou, beautiful Apollonia? It should be mine to kiss thy feet; but go, the marine divinity whom thou implorest has heard thy vow, for she has sent me to invite you to come to her palace of shining rocks. Here is the skiff of this great goddess, of whom I am the messenger. Will it please thee to follow thy slave, O most beautiful of the daughters of Campania?"

The bark touched the shore. Believing she was obeying the gods, the young Apollonia followed the unknown messenger, who took the oars and guided the skiff—not towards the seashell of Galatea, but towards a galley of the Roman emperor; a galley from Baia, returning to the port of Ostia. The ship reached the mouth of the Tiber; it entered the waters of this river, and cast anchor a mile from Rome, on the same day when Nero, the Olympian, was to sing with Menecrates, and dance with Spicillus, after a supper with his most familiar friends.

The earliest stars of night were mirroring themselves in the crystal waters of the immense ponds. The house of Nero, of marble whiteness, rose amid the masses of verdure like a vase of perfumes. Its master awaited his most intimate friends; he was about giving them a private entertainment, a family supper. Intoxication was this evening to join hands with confidence at the house of the Roman emperor. The people had had their sports; three hundred gladiators had been slain in the arena; galleys had fought with galleys in the Grand Naumachia; lions and tigers had fallen in great numbers beneath the horn of the rhinoceros and the trunk of the elephant. There had been great carnage of men and beasts in the imperial city. The Roman people were satisfied; largesses from the prince had followed the sports. It was just that the son of Agrippina should taste the delights of private pleasures; he had consulted Phaon, the freedman, the successor of Tigillinus. Phaon had replied: "Thy fancy shall be our law. Is not the universe the domain of Nero?" And he, smiling on Phaon, had added: "What I especially love in thee, O, my young Messenian, is thy aversion for flattery. Thy counsel has as much austerity as thy speech has of grace."

The Messenian had ordered a sumptuous supper, and such as became Nero invited to sup with him. The secret halls were guarded by the Pretorian soldiers, and those of the cohort of Germania, so devoted. Among the guests were many whom the invitation of Cæsar had singularly surprised; they were not his familiar friends, and had even censured him on many occasions. Of this number was Thrasea, an austere old man, admired by the people and the Roman senate; Cassius Longinus, the jurisconsult; Isidoro, the cynic philosopher; the young Aulus Plautius, a relative of the Cæsars, whom Agrippina had tenderly loved; finally, the noble Taurus, a senator, who had been twice honored with the consulate and a triumph. Nero had invited them by messages, in which he had said that the new Orpheus wished to soften the hearts irritated against him. On seeing these strange faces at the Palatine, the friends of Nero were seized with astonishment, and several of them said to Phaon, who was passing to and fro through the hall:

"Hast thou well marked the amphoræ? We will drink only of the wine which Nero drinks."

And the handsome freedman, amused at their terror, did but embarrass them the more by replying:

"The cups of both friends and enemies will be filled this evening from the same source. Locusta is to pour out to all the guests, without exception."

The hall where the friends of Nero were assembled, was one of those of which the master of the Golden House was especially fond. It was adjoining the bathing rooms. Lascivious paintings covered the ceiling, which was supported by columns of African marble. There might be seen Pasiphae, pursued by the bull; Diana and Endymion beneath the shade; Achilles sporting with the beautiful young girls, his companions at Scyros; Bacchus surrounded by nymphs; and a thousand other amatory paintings, from the pencil of Amulius, the Roman Apelles, beloved by Nero.

The golden lamps shed their magic rays; the mosaic pavement glistened with a thousand colors, like a Syrian carpet; fragrant breezes perfumed the atmosphere; and from time to time were heard from the galleries, prolonged chords of the harp, as if celestial voices were passing by the dwelling of Nero.

He, the master of the world, quickly appeared. His tunic, of snowy whiteness, was a marvellous tissue from Canusium; it was fastened on the shoulders by two large Oriental pearls, surrounded with rubies. The son of Agrippina wore around his beautiful ringlets a simple bandelette of purple, the ends of which fell behind his head. His buskins were white, like his tunic, without a single thread of gold, or a single precious stone. Nero, on this evening, had all the grace and majesty of a vestal.

When he entered, his familiar friends would have seized his august hands to kiss them; but he, with blushes on his forehead, and a softened tone of voice, entreated them to spare him these marks of respect. He embraced them, calling them his friends. He saw Thrasea, who was draping himself in his toga, and went towards him, affable and smiling. The words which they exchanged were conciliatory; the austere old man hoped a moment for Rome, and for the universe.

"What!" said he, to himself, "is this a return to virtue?"

Nero gave salutations of reconciliation to Longinus, to Isidoro, and to Taurus, the senator; and then, pausing before the young Aulus, a relative of his family, he said:

"When my mother wished to terrify me, she designated thee as my successor to the empire; she even threatened me to raise legions in your favor. I ought to hate thee; and I revenge myself, thou seest, for I compel thee to love me."

And taking him by the hand, he passed with him into the dining-hall, followed by all the guests, who applauded. Several tables were placed in a semi-circle before beds of Milesian purple. From the ceiling fell drops of odorous essence, which dissolved in the fluid air without moistening the guests. A porphyry piscina, situated in the centre of the semi-circle, contained a crystalline wave, in which were swimming fishes from the Ganges. The flammifera, like so many suns, shed their undulating light; one was Prometheus, holding in his hand the fire stolen from heaven; another, the goddess Aurora, raising her veil, whence escaped the pure light of morning; another, was the winged Mercury, with torch in hand, preceding souls. All these magnificent candelabra, of various forms and emitting light of divers hues, were the work of Grecian hands. Many came from the temples of the gods, and, according to Nero, had but changed their sanctuary. Before placing themselves on the beds, the guests raised their cups and drank to the eternity of Nero. He thanked them by a smile, and turning towards the grave Thrasea, said to him:

"Will you not also make vows for the eternity of my voice! If I should lose it! Ah! may the great gods preserve Rome and the empire from this misfortune!"

Then he continued to talk to his friends, the supper having commenced.

"You see how pleasant life is with Nero; you see the injustice of my enemies, who spread sinister rumors throughout the city, and would make me pass with honest people for a new Saturn, devouring his children. May the immortal gods strike with paralysis these viper tongues. But for myself, friends, I renounce revenge. Conciliatory music shall restore to me all hearts. Shall I give you Greek verses on the Theban lyre, or a chant of Homer on the seven-voiced cithara? Perhaps you would prefer a barbarian march, accompanied by the tympanum, with the sound of arms and cymbals? And I could even imitate, if it should please you, the cries of the Thracians, at the moment when, with lifted hatchets, they fall on the Roman eagles. But, no; here is a satirical song, the rhythm of which is new: it will ravish you with joy. I have composed it against morose senators, and wives obstinately faithful.—Let us leave all this, and speak of the affairs of the world. I see that Thrasea is uneasy, and interrogates me with a look; I see the senator, Taurus, who fears for my theatrical days. O, the worthy friends I have in them! They have said much evil of me, and it is for this that I regard them as the most sincere of my friends. Thrasea and Taurus, I thank you! And you, Isidoro, the cynic, who, in the thoroughfares of the city, go about spitting on my statues, I salute you, and swear to you eternal gratitude! As for our relative, young Aulus, whom my mother would have given me for a successor in my life-time, let him come to my arms; I wish him to feel the beatings of my heart. But I have again dropped the thread of my discourse. I wished to speak to you of the affairs of the empire. You know that I possess the entire world, except the unknown countries, called the Indies, and a few islands which may be found in the midst of the exterior ocean. Apart from these, the world is mine. If I ever want money, I can sell it to Jupiter."

"Has Nero already emptied a cup too much?" secretly asked a guest of Phaon, the freedman.

"No, no," replied the latter; "but he has commenced the supper by speaking of himself, and there is no more exhilarating wine for Nero."

"Cæsar," said Thrasea, "it is said that we have suffered a bloody defeat in Armenia, invaded by Parthia."

"Good!" said Nero. "Thrasea is like a vulture; he dreams of corpses!"

"It is asserted," added Isidoro, a little warmed with wine, "that instead of ships laden with corn, so impatiently expected by the people, three have arrived from Alexandria, with galleys filled with sand for the circuses and gardens of the Palatine."

"Indeed!" returned Nero; "and do they say that? Well, Isidoro, suppose we fill these hungry mouths with sand, and commence by them!"

"As for me," said Senator Taurus, "I have but to praise the goodness of Cæsar in my favor. But since he treats us this evening as sincere friends, I will ask him the pardon of two consuls, condemned to be bled to death by his order."

"Ah!" returned Nero; "your two friends? Those who sat beside you in the senate? I understand! You are right! They are two good men. I retract my order—they shall be strangled!"

At these words, the familiars of Nero laughed loudly; and Nero joined in their mad joy. Phaon was occupied in repairing the disorder of the emperor's hair, which was flowing over his purple. The freedman, in the midst of the general intoxication, said to him:

"Is it time for the entrance of Hebe?"

"*Agis!*" said Nero.

"Fortunate guests," exclaimed Phaon, "the divine master of the world substitutes for his Ganymede, who is myself, a Hebe, young and beautiful."

Then the curtain of the portico was lifted up, and old Locusta appeared, hideous, and crowned with roses. Her tunic, short and open at the side, revealed her skinny limbs, spotted with scars. Her long and bony arms embraced an amphora; her hollow eyes darted a greenish flame; her lips, pale and thin, contracted and displayed long, irregular teeth, which filled an immense mouth. Locusta smiled as she looked at Nero; and with his finger he pointed her out to the assembly.

"Immortal gods!" exclaimed the guests.

And several attempted to leap from their beds and fly; but a gesture from the master detained them.

"Ah, Nero!" exclaimed young Aulus, throwing himself into his arms.

"Poor child!" said Nero. "How couldst thou have struggled against the spectres which besiege the imperial couch, if thou couldst not even look at my good Locusta? Re-assure thyself, Aulus. She is a great physician; her remedies cure all maladies."

"Come," said he, to Locusta, "come, my young Hebe, make the tour of the beds, and pour out to all these mortal guests the forgetfulness of sorrow. As for me, I, who am a god, having nothing for which to be consoled, will not drink of thy magic wine."

Locusta advanced with a slow and grave step. She approached each pale guest, and filled every cup to the brim. The gloomy silence of the festal hall was interrupted only by the metallic sound of the fatal amphora, as it touched the golden craters. At this moment Nero called for his cithara, and chanted a hymn, before giving the signal for drinking the beverage of Locusta. He addressed himself to young Aulus, and sang these words:

"Go, my child, sweet life is not worth the sleep of the dead; beauty is followed by ugliness; age drags after it a train of regrets. Go, my child, drink the chalice; the art of Locusta is wonderful; close thy eyelids with delight; the dead are, perhaps, gods! Child, precede my guests; be the Mercury of Nero; put to thy feet swift wings, and conduct these souls to Charon. Tell him that at the Golden House, Death is beautiful every night; that she is now an adored virgin—now a dark-haired youth. I have clothed the old skeleton with youth and beauty; I have placed myrtle on its head. I have put my harp beside it. Go, my child, drink the chalice; the art of Locusta is wonderful. Close thy eyes with delight; when Nero strikes, he makes gods."

The song ended, and the cithara quivered for a long time beneath the touch of Nero. At last he, the divine master, gave the signal, and all the cups were emptied. Long groans succeeded. Some guests buried their heads in the purple cushions, and shed tears, thinking of the delights of the life they were about to quit. Others abused the immortal gods, and struck the ivory table with their fists; others, paler than shadows, looked on every side to see if Death was

not entering the hall; young Aulus, the poor child, could not quit the arm of the homicide Cæsar, and supplicated him to recall him to life. Three countenances, only, were calm and grave —Taurus, Longinus and Thrasea interchanged glances as if to exhort each other to die without weakness. Isidoro launched at Nero, at Locusta, and at Phaon, the utmost bitterness of his spleen; his tongue quivered and hissed between his teeth, so rapid were his imprecations and blasphemies. The feast was gloomy, and yet flowers and aromatic essences rained from the ceiling of the hall. The candelabras threw a more brilliant light, and beneath the immense galleries, were heard, afar off, the harmonious chords of Eolian harps. Meanwhile, Phaon bent towards his master, and said to him:

"Wilt thou that we suddenly change the scene?"

"*Bene*," replied Nero.

Phaon spoke again:

"Fortunate guests!" exclaimed he, "to soften your last moments, a beautiful divinity is about to come and sit down at this fete; so wills Nero the magnanimous."

The freedman went out; and when he returned, he led by the hand the sweetest of maidens; she might have been taken for Modesty, coming to console earth. Nero caused her to be placed between himself and young Aulus, already fainting. The beautiful nymph was white as Parian marble. She wore around her ebony tresses a crown of green leaves; she resembled the muse, Calliope. Her humid and tender eyes looked upon the assembly; her bosom rose and fell. The young girl trembled. Nero said to the guests:

"Congratulate me before you die! Here is a dove which has been brought me from the island of Pandataria."

At this moment he raised his cup, looking at Phaon, who poured out to him wine from Cyrenaica, wine chosen and marked by himself. But suddenly a furtive hand reached forward and touched quickly the brim of the imperial cup. Phaon hastily turned; the apparition had gone.

Phaon arrested the arm of his master; and the latter, pale and agitated with a nervous tremor, sought, with a glance around the hall, the wretch who had just thrown poison into his beverage. It was at this moment that he saw pass, like a spectre on the wall, the menacing form of Vindex.

"Ah!" exclaimed Nero, "the Propractor of Gaul!"

"Pardon!" replied the suppliating Apollonia.

And to expiate the crime of Vindex, she seized the Imperial crater, and drank off this poisoned cup. Cries resounded. It was too late; the daughter of Flavia Mœlla, the beautiful virgin, fell fainting on the purple of the feast, as once did Britannicus. Her crown was detached, and her tresses flowed in dark curls over her shoulders.

Like the clamors of the hurricane, arose imprecations; the Prætorian guard murmured, aroused by the thundering voice of Vindex; the marble echoes vibrated to the sound of arms. Fear touched with its icy hand the heart of Nero. In order to appease the tumult, he made a sign to Phaon, who declared to the guests that their terror was vain; that the poisoning of their cups was but pretended; it was a jest of Nero's.

But poignards had sparkled in the recesses of the hall, and a flash of lightning suddenly burst from the stormy sky of the west. Nero rose in terror; he fled, and ran to hide himself in the secret chambers of the palace. Silence and night took possession of the Golden House.

The first rays of dawn were still afar off, beyond the Sabine Mountains. Nero, reclining on his couch, with his hand placed on two poignards, was listening to Phaon, while he read various messages from Spain. From time to time he started with anger, and bit the purple mantle which covered him; these messages announced the revolt of the legions and of Galba.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "even that old drunkard!—even that monster!"

But the freedman continued his reading, withholding nothing of the stern truth. A single lamp burned beside the bed of Nero. It was of massive gold, and represented an overthrown lion. Flame issued from its mouth like a burning tongue. For a moment it seemed greenish to Nero, who looked at it with inquietude. He was much troubled by this presage, and, turning his eyes, sighed profoundly. Meanwhile, steps were heard amid the darkness, in the adjoining rooms. Nero rose up in his bed.

"See!" said he, to Phaon. "Have they already come to murder me?"

"What!" replied the freedman. "Of what would Nero speak?"

Nero did not name the Prætorians, but made a sign to guard the door of the *cubiculum*. The freedman had, however, recognized a friendly voice, and opened to Locusta.

The troubled Nero did not immediately recognize her. He turned pale, believing he saw enter the immortal skeleton, which had come to seek him. The voice of the magician reassured him. Locusta had still her crown of roses on her gray head; she was still enveloped in her Grecian tunic, open on the right side. She had in her hand a little golden box, called a *pixide*, containing a poison, sudden as a thunderbolt in its effects. She had brought it to her master, judging the peril extreme.

"What!" said Nero. "Is the hour, then, so fatal?"

Then Locusta related to him how the Prætorian soldiers had risen in their camp, how every citizen had closed his house, and how the Germania guard had left the palace. Nero saw that the moment approached. He pressed the hand of Locusta, whose thin face bent to let fall a tear. Locusta wept over Nero! Meanwhile she took leave of her master, and the echo of her footsteps was long heard through the sonorous chambers. The sky was still laden with clouds, frequent lightnings suddenly illuminated the whole extent of the Eternal City, and were immediately succeeded by profound darkness. By these celestial gleams, Nero looked at Rome, as a criminal looks through the bars of his cell.

Phaon raised a thick curtain and showed him the city, gloomy and deserted. Not a fire was burning; the Great Circus, the temple of Julius Cæsar, those of Fortune and of Jupiter, the Capitol arches—all were black. There came from the east a vivid flash, the most surprising that had ever illuminated space. Nero recoiled; Rome had just appeared to him livid as a vast shroud, and then suddenly red with blood. He attempted to escape from the palace, and seek an asylum with his friends. Phaon wrapped him in a large *cucullum*, which covered his whole head. Thus concealed beneath the garment, Nero quitted the Golden House. He followed the long galleries, they were open and solitary: he passed into the gardens of Servilius; he reached the neighborhood of the Forum, and knocked at several gates, being guided by the flashes of the storm. No one opened to Nero. It was then that he cursed the day of his birth, and stamping with his foot, adjured the earth to swallow him up. Weary of supplicating in vain, exhausted with fatigue, terrified by spectres, he attempted to regain the palace. As he traversed the arches of the Grand Circus, the beasts began to roar in their deep dens. The colossal edifice was moved; the loud-voiced echoes sent back frightful plaints. Nero leaned in terror against a post of the arena, and his foot slipped in blood. The roarings of the lions and panthers resembled sobs; it seemed as if they were lamenting—foreseeing the fate of their mighty master. At this moment Nero remembered the imperial fete; he sought with his eyes the box whence he had given the signal for the sports, and thought he saw the white shade of a Christian, wandering on the steps of the *podium*. He averted his face, and went out precipitately.

The east was hardly tinged with a grayish light, when the master of the world re-entered his palace alone. Phaon, whom he found under an extensive portico, told him that the Prætorian soldiers had come armed to the imperial bed; they had carried off the golden box containing poison. Phaon handed Nero the two poignards, and proposed to him to leave Rome. A slave accidentally passed. Nero recognized him, and said to him:

"Go seek the gladiator, Spicillus, that he may give me death."

The slave returned in haste, announcing that Spicillus refused to obey.

"What!" said Nero, "have I, then, neither friends nor enemies?"

But Phaon persuaded him to take refuge in a small country-house, which he, the freedman, possessed at four miles from the city, between the Via Sulana and the Via Nomentana. They departed, followed by the slave and young Sporus, who had discovered them. Nero, the vanquisher in the Olympian Games, was mounted on a poor, laborious horse, the first Sporus could find. Nero covered his face with a veil, for fear of being recognized. They reached the exterior gardens without encountering a single man. When they had entered the Via Nomentana, at a mile from Rome, they heard confused cries. These clamors came from the camp of the legions. They were soon forced to traverse bands of soldiers, scattered throughout the fields. Nero recognized a tribune of the Prætorians by the high crest of his casque; and the latter, seeing some travellers marching with precipitate steps, said: "These are some people who are pursuing Nero, that vile musician!" The imperial artist bit his veil with rage. At sunrise they reached the little village of the freedman, where Phaon concealed his master in a sandy grotto. The heat being stifling, Nero bent over a pool of brackish water, and drank eagerly.

A slave cursor arrived, bearing tablets; Cæsar seized them. He read that the senate had declared him the enemy of his country, and had decreed to him the mode of execution customary in ancient times. It was told Nero that this execution consisted in beating the condemned with rods, till he uttered his last sigh. Affrighted, he seized his two poignards and tried their points. Now he exhorted young Sporus to weep and lament; now he wished that some one would give him the example of dying. Then blushing with shame, he exclaimed:

"Nero is unworthy of Nero. Come, Nero, take courage."

Some horsemen came at full speed, hoping to take him alive. He saw them afar off, and pronounced a Greek verse: "With a great sound of horses my ear is struck." Then he added: "What a great artist expires in me!" At the same time he buried the steel in his throat, aided by his freedman.

Thus perished Nero, the Olympian. The Prætorian soldiers delivered up his body to his concubine, Acte, and Alexandra, his nurse, who had hastened thither. Aided by Phaon, they buried his body, after having washed it and wrapped it in a garment embroidered with gold, which the emperor had worn on the day of the calends of January. His cinerary urn was put in the tomb of Domitian, which may be seen from the Campus Martius. It was placed on an altar of Thasian marble.

Nero was dead. Rome sighed with joy; her citizens appeared in the streets covered with the *pilens* of freemen. The race of the Cæsars became extinct with the life of the son of Agrippina. Fortune was favorable for liberty; but Rome, destitute of virtue, suffered herself to be ruled by the Prætorians and corrupting gold.

AGE OF OYSTERS.

A London oysterman can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Everybody, who has handled an oyster shell, must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them makes a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine, at a glance, the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE RUNAWAY SHIP.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

I HAD command of the old "Eversbot," a good ship, and one which had put much money into the hands of her owners. She was built for the India trade, and with the exception of one voyage to Smyrna, she had stuck to the purpose for which she was put together. On the present occasion, I was bound for India, and my cargo was made up of a curious variety. I had for passengers, an old gentleman, whose head was white, and his form bent with years, and his three sons, the youngest of whom was about five and-thirty, and the oldest not far from fifty. Then there were several women, and some half dozen children.

We had doubled the southern capes of Africa, and were just poking our nose into the Indian Ocean, when a circumstance transpired which was destined to try our nerves somewhat. One afternoon, one of the men in the foretop reported a sail very near ahead in the line of our course.

"Some homeward bound Indiaman, probably," remarked Mr. Lee, my mate.

I nodded assent, and then went to the cabin and told my passengers that if they had any letters to send home, they had better have them ready, for perhaps we were about to meet a ship bound to Old England. They went to work upon my suggestion at once, and in the course of half an hour we had a letter-bag neatly sewed up and directed.

The wind was now a little south of east, so that we stood upon our course northeast with freedom, and the coming ship was heading very nearly upon us, though as we came nearer she kept away a little further to the westward.

"Is it an English ship?" asked my white-haired old passenger.

"I think it is," was my reply; and just as I spoke, my second mate came down from the foretop, where he had been with a glass. I noticed that his face looked troubled, and also that he kept back some remark which he was upon the point of dropping, at the same time regarding the old passenger with a look which seemed to indicate that he was in the way. I took the hint, and carelessly walked forward. Mr. Becket, the mate in question, followed me. At the gangway I stopped.

"What is it?" I asked, now turning and looking into his face.

"Why sir, that ship is the old *Dorset*."

"The *Dorset*?" I replied. "Impossible."

"But I am sure," persisted Becket. "There's not another ship in England with such a figure-head. Those two girls are n't to be mistaken."

"But are you sure she has that figure-head?"

"Certainly. You'll be able to see it from here in a few moments."

"But," said I, "the Dorset has not yet had time to reach Sydney, let alone getting back as far as this."

"Of course not," answered Becket, with a keen glance about him; "but don't you think a ship could *run away* without doing the errand she had in hand?"

"Eh!" That's all I uttered at the moment, for a strange thought was beginning to work its way to my mind.

"You remember what sort of a cargo the Dorset had, don't you?" my mate remarked.

Of course I remembered, for I met the captain of the Dorset the day before she sailed, and had a quiet dinner with him at Cowley's. He was an old friend of mine, and named Bumstead—Harry Bumstead—and as good a sailor as ever trod a deck at sea. Now the facts, as they came crowding rather unpleasantly upon my mind, were these: The Dorset sailed just two weeks before I did, and took out twenty-three convicts who had been sentenced to transportation. These, of course, he was to drop at Sydney, or Port Jackson, and as he had part of a cargo for that place, he was to go there first. So I knew that the Dorset had no business to be running away from the Indian Ocean now.

"What do you think about it?" asked Becket, who had been watching me.

"Let me take the glass," said I, without seeming to notice this question.

He handed me the glass, and I at once leaped upon the horse-block and set the focus. The coming ship was now so near that her hull was nearly all up, and my first look was upon the figure head. There could be no mistake now. I could distinctly see the two female forms clasping each other by the hands, which I know to be the adorning feature of the Dorset's cutwater.

"Mr. Becket," I said, after I had satisfied myself upon this point, "that is the Dorset, and no mistake."

"Yes,—but what do you make of it?"

"What do *you* make of it?" I asked.

He pondered a few moments, and then said: "I think the convicts have taken the ship!"

"So do I," was my rejoinder.

As I thus spoke, I walked aft to where my first mate stood by the wheel, and drawing him on one side, I told him my fears. He leaped upon the rail and gazed off upon our neighbor, and when he reached the deck again, he was of my opinion.

"It must be so," he said. "What shall we do?"

That was the question. What should we do? The ship had now come to within half a mile, and all doubts respecting her identity were at an end. I now knew that she was the Dorset, and of course felt confident that the convicts must by some means have gained possession.

"She did n't have the best crew that ever was," remarked Lee, nervously. "I knew some of her men, and they were as precious a set of scamps as ever breathed."

This made the matter worse still. Of my whole crew, I could muster but thirty men, counting the three able passengers, having set five men on shore at St. Helena sick with fever, and being unable at the time to make their places good. On board the Dorset, of course, there would be the three and twenty convicts, and, in all probability, a good part of the crew—perhaps forty men in all. What should we do? To let the ship pass on under such circumstances seemed hardly the thing for an Englishman, and to engage with such a renegade crew seemed sheer madness. I asked my officers what they thought—and they thought just as I did. I explained the matter to my three passengers, and they said they would help if they could be assured there would be any use.

But during all this time the ship in question had been nearing us, we having steered so as to speak her, and now she was not more than two cables' length distant upon our lee bow.

"Ship ahoy!" I shouted, through my trumpet.

"Hallo!" came from the other ship.

"What ship is that?"

"The *Ben Franklin*," answered the same voice, the owner of which were a Scotch cap and red shirt.

"Where are you bound?"

"To New York."

"Belong there?"

"Yes."

At this moment she had ranged ahead far enough so that I could see she had the American flag at her peak, which had been before hidden by her canvass. There were certainly forty men leaning over her rail, and I knew at once that we could not openly overcome them. At that moment, had my ship been near enough, I could have jumped on board and engaged with those men single handed. What had become of poor Harry Bumstead, thought I, and the few men who might have remained faithful to him!

While these thoughts, and a thousand others, were wildly rushing through my mind, the Dorset passed on. I knew it was my old friend, for all the lies they had told in answer to my questions. I had no thought or conjecture on the subject; but that that ship was the Dorset, I knew just as well as I should have known my own brother. As the ship passed on, I saw a face at one of the quarter windows. I seized the glass and levelled it. It was the face of Harry Bumstead, as sure as fate! And he waved a handkerchief towards me with the most frantic gesticulations.

The sense of pain was just sinking into my whole soul, when an idea flashed across my mind that caused me to fairly leap from my feet. All was now hope and bustle in my brain, and as soon as possible I got my wits into working order.

"Put the ship upon her course again," I ordered.

"We can do nothing!" said Becket, interrogatively.

"Wait," said I in return. "It is n't too late yet."

"But—"

"Stop. Wait until I have shaped out a plan, and then you shall know it."

It was now quite late, for just as poor Harry Bumstead waved his handkerchief at me the last time, the sun was sinking into the western waters. I watched the Dorset until distance and gloom combined to hide her from me, and I knew that she was bound for the Atlantic. I saw her take in her lofty sails in preparation for the night, and I felt my hope increase. The last I could see, she was steering southwest.

As soon as it was dark, I had the helm up, and ordered the ship to be worn around upon the other tack, and as soon as this was done, I set the course due south, and crowded on all sail. The officers and men gathered round me and wished to know what all this meant.

"It means," answered I, "that I will have those villains in irons again, if I can."

"But how?" came from half a dozen.

"I'll tell you. Our ship is by all odds the best sailer, even with equal sail set; but now that the Dorset has only topgallant sails over double-reefed topsails, we can show a head fast. By midnight, I calculate to be further south than she will be, so I'll keep on this course until I am sure, and then I'll run to the west'rd and lie in waiting for her."

"And what then?"

"I can tell you better when the time comes. But be not afraid, for I wont run into danger."

The breeze held fair, and we carried our royals and studding sails below and aloft. At midnight, I took an observation, and found I was further south than the Dorset, but instead of running directly west, I changed the course to west-southwest, knowing that thus we should come upon the other's track soon enough. At three o'clock I made a careful reckoning of our log for the last nine hours, and also of the point the Dorset must strike, if she kept her course southwest, and I felt sure that we were just where we should be.

My first move was to heave to and take in sail; and then I sent the topgallant masts on deck and housed the topmasts. Next, I had all our arms brought upon deck, and I found we had more than enough for a brace of pistols and a cutlass to each man. After this I had the pumps rigged, and hardly had this been accomplished before the lookout reported a sail. I hastened forward, and could plainly see the outlines of the top-hamper of a heavy ship looming up darkly against the sky. I had the lanterns down, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is found on fine note-letter paper, with new and beautiful type, presenting in its embodiment execution an elegant specimen of art. The whole forms a magnificent work—a paper of fifteen octavo pages. Each of twelve months makes a volume of 416 pages, with about one thousand spirited engravings.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

NIGHT.

BY ALBERT O. CLOUGH.

O the joy, when night its mantle
Weaves along the silent sky,
And the "starry hosts of heaven"
Peep from out their homes on high;
When the moon's soft light is lending
Newer beauty to the earth,
And all nature seems to mirror
Forth the peace that hailed its birth—

When some gentle zephyr bringeth
Lulling music to the ear,
Like some loving seraph whispering
To us from the angel-sphere;
Then to give the soul's deep feeling
To the magic of the hour,
And to shrine within our spirit,
All its beauty, all its power.

Earth can give no higher pleasure,
None more holy, pure, than this;
For the very heart seems laden
With a calm, angelic bliss.
Give me, then, the peaceful feeling
That belongeth to this hour,
For my spirit then must worship
The Creator of its power.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DICK BRADY'S STORY.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

It was eight bells in the mid-watch, the rolling and pitching of the ship had kept me from getting fairly asleep during the first part of the night; and now the noise occasioned by the mate's coming below to turn in, and his subsequent struggles to get off his wet boots, roused me completely, and I determined to go upon deck and have a look at the weather.

We had been nearly two weeks vainly endeavoring to get to the westward of Cape Horn; but two hours' fair wind was all with which we had been favored up to this time, and the ship was now laying to, off the pitch of the cape, under close-reefed main-topsail and storm stay-sail, with a staggering breeze, and a big sea pitching over the weather-bow, every ten minutes. Getting upon deck, the motion of the ship was so violent, that walking was impossible, so, watching the roll, I managed to get from the cabin door to the rail, when I found myself alongside of the second mate, a big lump of an Irishman, and a good sailor.

"A rough night, Mr. Brady," said I, securing myself from sliding into the lee-scuppers, by hooking one arm over a belaying-pin, and the other round the lanyard of a backstay.

"Rough as a rasp, sir; you may well say that. I don't expect to get round this diabolical cape for a month yet. It puts me in mind of what my grandfather used to tell, about being off here once for ten months, without being able to get anywhere; whichever way they steered, the wind was sure to come round and head them off, and the vessel full of all manner of ghosts and hobgoblins the whole time."

"So your grandfather was a sailor as well as yourself?" I inquired.

"Sailor! lord love yo, yes; of course he was. All forefathers, except myself, have lived and died sailors—from Noah, clear down to the present speaking, and if I'm lucky, my posterity can say the same thing of me."

"But how about the ghosts and hobgoblins you were speaking of? You surely don't mean to say you have any faith in such nonsense?"

"Nonsense, is it? Now that's a good one. An old Hibernian family like ours, that's had ghosts as plenty as hard luck. Why, bless your soul, I was brought up in the fear and belief of 'em from the time I was that high."

And Mr. Brady stooped down so as to bring his hand about three inches from the deck, thereby indicating, that he must have become convinced at an extremely early period of his existence.

"And sure," he continued, "hadn't it been for a ghost I wouldn't have been standing here this blessed night, for it was a young lady-ghost that induced my grandfather to marry the woman he did; which if he hadn't married at all, d'yo see, would have made it mighty inconvenient for me to be either sailor, soger, or anything else. If you don't mind standing on deck here a while, I'll tell you how it all happened."

I assured him that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to stand there until morning, provided he would give me one of his yarns. Whereupon Mr. Brady, after plugging up the greater part of his mouth with pigtail, and settling himself into the bight of a coil of rigging, hanging from a pin in the weather-rail, commenced somewhat after the following manner:

"It was a good many years ago that this I'm going to tell you took place; when my grandfather was quite a young man, not above four or five and twenty, and as tight-strapping a young fellow as you'd find between Cape Clear and Londonderry. Well, in those days you know sailors wer'n't in so much demand as they are at present, ships not being so plenty; so a good part of the lads living along the coast used to do a little trade on their own account; running all sorts and descriptions of craft, from a whaleboat up to a good-sized lugger, between ports in France and Holland, and different places along the coast of England, Ireland and Scotland, fetching and carrying good bits of freight, without so much as saying a word to his majesty, or any of his officers, when they could possibly avoid it.

"Now my grandfather, when his father died, found himself half owner of a good schooner, a nice mud cabin and potato patch, and plenty of friends, as he always kept open house—for want of a door, I expect, as much as anything. Everything prospered with him for the first two or three years, and many's the cargo he ran without losing a thing; and barring a few fights with the coast-guard—which was nothing but fun for him—there was nothing to trouble him.

"My grandfather had one fault—and who of us hasn't,—but considering he was an Irishman, and a Brady at that, it wasn't so much of a fault after all. He had all the girls, far and near, over head and ears in love with him; the rogue had made them so many presents of trinkets and fine things, he brought from foreign parts, that it was enough to capsize all the lassies in the country, let alone the way he had with him—as all the Bradys have—that would steal the heart out of their keeping, before they knew they had one.

"But the deuce of it was, he had as many ma'mselsin France, and vrows and fraulins in Holland, as Noras and Bridgets in Ireland; and they all knew it. For that very reason, as you may imagine, they were as jealous as parrots, and blackguarded and slandered each other to their hearts's content. If you were to believe what any one of them told you, that same one was the only decent girl in the parish; the rest being but little better than some of the wicked.

"For all that he couldn't make up his mind for any one of them—the one he chanced to be with was his favorite until he caught sight of another. But as time passed on, one after another of the girls got married to other lads, or became disheartened with setting their caps for a chap who gave them no encouragement; so that in the end, there were but two left for whom he cared anything, or who had any hope of catching him. One of these, Katy Murphy, lived four or five miles back on the mountain; the other, Nora Kelly, lived with her father, close by the sea shore, and not a stone's throw from my grandfather's house. Both the girls were equally pretty and equally smart, and, as my grandfather, himself, said, 'What either of them didn't know, wasn't worth knowing.' And it was generally allowed, he ought to be the judge if anybody.

"Both of them were after him like mad, and hated each other proportionately. He had made up his mind to marry one of them, but which—that was what troubled him. Nora had rather the advantage in living so near him, and seeing him oftener; but to balance that, there was a cave upon the side of the mountain, where my grandfather occasionally stowed away the smuggled goods, when hard pressed by the coast-guard. The far end of this cave was not a great way from Katy's house, and her father, who was a bit of a smuggler himself, had made a passage from the cave to the cellar of his house; so that it sometimes happened he would be a week at a time at old Murphy's house. A mighty dangerous situation for a man of my grandfather's disposition.

"Well, to come to the point, he had gone to Antwerp for a cargo of Holland gin, brandy, and other descriptions of hard ware, upon which, if successful in eluding the custom-house officers, he expected to make enough to set him up in the world.

"The week previous to his sailing, he had been constantly at old Kelly's house, by the shore, making business arrangements with him; and, of course, all the time subject to the fascination of Nora, which had so won upon him that he dropped some hints to the effect that upon his return he would make Nora his wife. He took care not to say enough to bind himself, in case he should alter his mind, but what little he did say was enough for Nora, who thought more of the triumph she would obtain over Katy, and the rest of the girls, than she did of my grandfather; consequently she lost no time in letting the whole neighborhood see that she expected shortly to become Mrs. Brady.

"This intelligence was anything but pleasant for poor Katy, who really loved him, and after moping about for a few days, was taken down with a brain fever—which some consider quite a strange circumstance, for in those days girls didn't know so much about brains and nerves as they do now; in fact, the biggest part of them didn't know they had any such things at all. Katy's sickness pleased Nora mightily, as it made her conquest seem of more value; and while she was sick, and thinking of my grandfather, Nora was fixing her things for the wedding, and carrying on a desperate flirtation with a handsome recruiting officer, who had lately come into the neighborhood. So strong, indeed, was the flirtation that it was the talk of the neighbors, 'if the officer didn't leave before Dick Brady came home, Dick would put a sudden and final period to his recruiting, without he could manage to carry it on beyond the river.'

"Time passed on, and his return began to be expected; but they waited in vain. At length a month elapsed beyond the time set for his return, and serious fears were entertained for his safety; but my grandfather knew what he was about. As he didn't expect to go abroad again very soon, if ever, he consequently stopped to have a parting spree with his foreign friends, and say good-by to some of his old flames in France and Holland. But that's neither here nor there; it don't alter the story.

"Having arranged everything to his mind, and freighted his schooner, he set sail for home, which, after dodging a number of cruisers, he finally succeeded in reaching, and hauled his vessel into a little cove at the foot of the mountain I have before spoken of, about nine o'clock of as dark and stormy a night as you could wish to see. But the darkness and storm were all in his favor, as it would facilitate the debarkation of his goods, while the coast-guard, with praiseworthy solicitude for the preservation of their health, would be sheltering themselves from the weather. It was, however, necessary that some one should go ashore, to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the officers, and also apprise their friends of their return, that they might assist in concealing the contraband articles.

"Accordingly, my grandfather lost no time in going ashore and clambering up the mountain to the house of old Murphy. He was struck all aback to see how sick and pale Katy looked, but as his business required dispatch, he made no inquiries, promising himself to do so on the first opportunity, for his conscience troubled him a little.

"With the assistance of Murphy and a few friends, about half of the cargo was taken from the schooner and stowed snugly away in the cave; but the storm had increased to such an extent that any farther effort to discharge the balance was useless. My grandfather saw this while making a trip from the vessel to the cave; so telling his friends they had best go home for the night, he went down the mountain, intending to get aboard his craft and put to sea, to prevent her being dashed against the rocks by the heavy surf which the storm was raising. After floundering about among the rocks and bushes for a long time, he finally reached the shore; for it had become so dark that the path—none of the best—could not be distinguished. But the schooner had gone; the crew on board, seeing the danger, considered it safer to put to sea at once than to wait for him. My grandfather understood the state of the case directly, and once more turned his steps towards Murphy's house; a bright light from one of the windows serving to guide him. But the storm had now become so violent, that it was no easy matter to reach it, and by the time he had arrived at the mouth of the cave, he was so exhausted that he was glad to creep into it and lay down, to recover his strength.

"He had not lain there long, when it occurred to him that a nipper or so of the brandy which he had worked so hard to tug up the hill would be very refreshing, under his peculiar circumstances. The lightning, which was now incessant, illuminated the cave sufficiently, so that he found no trouble in getting at a cask and knocking out the bung, when, with a straw for a bar tender, he proceeded to enjoy himself after the most approved method in such cases made and provided.

"How long he sat there, he had no means of knowing, for what with the brandy and the fatigue, he had fallen into a sort of doze, when he was brought suddenly wide awake by the most terrific thunder he had ever heard; not two or three discharges, but continuous and incessant; or, as my grandfather himself expressed it, "it came peal on peal, like an onion;" at the same time the whole cave was lighted up with a faint, bluish light, by the constant flashes which accompanied the thunder. The wind outside was howling and screaming like a prima donna, and altogether, it was as wild a night as you would care to see. My grandfather did feel a little pokerish in that out of the way place, with such a bobbery kicking up all around him, but he was a true sailor, and thanking his stars that he was'n't in a worse place, he crossed himself, took a good pull at the brandy, said a few prayers, and was preparing to go to sleep, when, upon casting his eyes toward the inner extremity of the cave, he saw a figure, all in white, slowly approaching toward the spot where he lay. My grandfather said that when he caught the first glimpse of the figure, the hair rose upon his head so suddenly and so straight, that it sent his hat flying more than a yard in the air, and I've no reason to doubt that such was the case, for he had a great reverence for truth, and was not so familiar with truth telling as to let its familiarity beget contempt, as some do.

"Well, to go on, the figure continued to approach slowly toward him, until it reached a distance of about two fathoms, directly in front of where he lay, and stood looking intently at him, without saying a word.

"My grandfather knew, as all the world does, that a real, first class ghost is never so impolite as to commence a conversation; so, after two or three ineffectual attempts, he managed to say:

"'In the name of all the saints in the prayer-book, and the Virgin to boot, who are you, and what do you want of me?'

"The ghost made no answer at first; but stood wringing its hands, apparently in the greatest distress; then, in a hollow, awful tone, it said:

"'I am the spirit of your grandmother's husband's wife, condemned to walk the earth and have no rest in my grave until a great sin, which I committed while in life, is atoned for. One year before my death, I bought a cow of Katy Murphy's mother, and when she asked me for the pay—three pounds, five and eight pence—I said that I had already paid her, and stuck to it, as live Irish women are apt to, thereby cheating her out of what rightfully belonged to her, and I shall have no peace until it is made right.'

"'Faith, if that's all,' said my grandfather, 'I'll pay it a dozen times over, for it's a sin and a shame to turn an old lady out of her honest grave, such a cold, wet night as this.'

"'Stop, Dick Brady,' said the ghost, 'and don't trouble yourself about my being out in the cold and wet, for I have a warm enough place to go home to; now mind what I say to you, you can't pay for the cow, for Katy's mother is dead, and the only way in which you can relieve my distress, and save the honor of your family, is by marrying Katy Murphy; and if you don't do it, I'll haunt you as long as you live—mind that, now.'

"With these words, the figure slowly retreated the way it came, and finally vanished near the door leading to old Murphy's cellar. There was one singular circumstance which my grandfather never could account for, and which puzzled him a good deal; as the figure retreated, and just before it disappeared, it seemed to stumble over something, which, I must own, is rather odd for a ghost, when we consider that they can go through a stone wall without the least difficulty. But it is probable that, with the fright and brandy together, his eyes deceived him in that particular. At any rate, he was too much overcome to leave the cave that night, and when he awoke next morning, it was broad daylight.

"My grandfather was n't the man to neglect a warning coming in the way that did; so he stayed at Murphy's all that day, without letting the people in the town know he had returned, and his schooner coming in the same night, they discharged her in good shape, and then sent off for Father O'Rafferty, who made Dick Brady and Katy Murphy man and wife in the twinkling of a handspike."

"There, now," continued Mr. Brady, "d'ye think I have n't good reason to believe in ghosts, when there has been dozens of things equally wonderful and unaccountable happened in my own family?"

"But, Mr. Brady, is n't it possible that this was a trick played upon your grandfather by Katy, for the purpose of securing a husband?"

"No, sir, not by any manner of means it was n't. My grandfather was a man who couldn't be deceived in the matter of ghosts; he'd seen too many. To be sure, there were a few unbelieving heathen, who pretended to think that Katy knew as much about it as anybody; but my grandfather soon put them out of conceit of that, for he thrashed every man within ten miles round who dared hint such a thing, and in three months' time there was n't a soul in the county who didn't believe every word of it, as firmly as I do myself. I don't know whether Nora Kelly would have believed it or not, but it so happened that at the very time the wedding was taking place, she was running away with the handsome recruiting officer."

I thanked Mr. Brady for his piece of family history, being heartily glad that it was brought to a close, then making a dive for the cabin, I tumbled into my bunk, where I lay ruminating upon ghosts in general and Mr. Brady's ghost in particular, until I fell asleep.

A GREAT PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

The publishing houses of Boston, from the amount of capital invested in their business, and the character of the works issued, have long since established a sterling reputation. Little, Brown & Co., Phillips, Sampson & Co., John P. Jewett & Co., Sanborn, Carter & Bazin (late B. B. Mussey & Co.), and many others that might be mentioned in this connection, are names that have a universal commercial and literary currency. The newspaper establishments of the city, also, are numerous and conducted on a heavy capital. We would instance particularly Mr. Ballou's establishment, at the corner of Bromfield and Tremont Streets, which we have more than once visited. From this place are issued "The Flag of our Union," "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion," well-known weeklies, and "Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine." Some items respecting Mr. B.'s business will not be uninteresting to our readers. The offices occupy one of the largest buildings in Boston, in the basement of which eleven Adams power presses are kept constantly at work. About one hundred employees are directly engaged in the building, exclusive of some forty persons, contributors, designers, engravers, electrotypers, and others, who are constantly occupied in their various labors, expressly for Mr. Ballou's publications. More than $200,000 worth of paper is consumed annually. The single item of printing-ink costs nearly $8,000 per annum. The sum of $80,000 was sunk in the "Pictorial" before it became a paying concern, and a profit cannot be counted until 60,000 have been sold weekly. The present weekly circulation is 107,000 copies. It owes this extraordinary success to the superior character and variety of the engravings—which are fine specimens of American art—to the elegance of its typography, its admirable descriptions of engravings, and general literary character, in which it far surpasses the London illustrated journals—and to the fact that nothing of a sectional, sectarian, or partisan character, nothing of questionable moral tendency, is ever admitted into its columns. This, and the liberal patronage it affords to American literature and American art, have gained for it general good will and approbation.

"The Flag of our Union," a weekly literary paper, with the same proprietor and publication office, circulates 75,000 copies weekly. It was the pioneer of this class of journals, and is now in its tenth year. The staple of its contents are light, romantic novelettes, tales, and stories, agreeable essays on the current topics of the day, anecdotes, etc. The same rigid propriety which marks the conduct of the "Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion," is noticeable in "The Flag of our Union." "Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine," containing one hundred pages of carefully prepared matter in each number—twelve numbers per annum—circulates 32,000 copies.

The circulation of the above works is not confined to this country, large numbers being sent to England and the European continent.

For eight years Mr. Ballou had the editorial and business charge of "The Flag of our Union," and he has been connected in a similar capacity with the "Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion," from its commencement. He is a ready and graceful writer, and has been almost from boyhood connected with the Boston press. Notwithstanding his editorial and business engagements, he has found time to write two works, which have had a very great sale, and established his literary reputation. One of these was a biography of his father, the late Rev. Hosea Ballou, the father of American Universalism, and the other, a "History of Cuba," is the most complete and satisfactory account of that island yet issued. His associate editor, Mr. Francis A. Durivage, is a favorite writer of prose and poetry for the press, with large experience in the editorial line, and ripe scholarship. His translation of "Lamartine's History of the Revolution of 1848," is one of the best versions of that difficult author we have met with. As a light, playful essayist, he has few equals. Mr. Ballou became the owner of the establishment we have thus briefly noticed, by purchase in November last, the price paid being $200,000, $50,000 of which was cash. "The Flag of our Union" and "Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion," particularly the latter, immediately showed his control in liberal improvements, involving largely increased expenditure. The "Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion" is retailed for six cents, and such a work could not probably be published in any other country at the same rate and afford a living profit. That it pays well, is only accomplished by an immense circulation.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

A PERSEVERING COLLECTOR

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, mourned by many who will laugh at his wry no more, has left behind him a memory that will be transmitted through successive generations. His wit was equal to his skill. Very much against his will, the doctor was made a vestryman in his parish church, and one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He presented it with great politeness and becoming gentility to the gentleman at the head of the pew nearest the chancel, who was not disposed to contribute. The faithful collector, nothing daunted, held the plate before him, and bowed as if he would urge him to think the matter over, and contribute something, and refused to go till he had seen his silver on his plate. In this way he proceeded down the aisle, victimizing every man till he came to the nearest pew to the door, where sat an aged colored woman. To his surprise, she laid down a piece of gold. "Dear me," said the astonished doctor, "you must be a Guinea nigger." They never troubled the doctor to go round with the plate after that.—*Saturday Courier.*

A PRETTY THOUGHT.—In some Eastern story, a girl is made to say, "I have been so happy at this fountain, that I am resolved somebody else shall be so too," and then she threw down a diamond, that the next comer might find it.

Jester's Picnic.

Just like Mrs. Brown, the dear, good, motherly creature, is the following: The good lady loved her children to "distraction," and was very fond of patronizing mishmers. There is an anecdote going the rounds, which, as it perfectly illustrates the character of the dame, we cannot refrain from copying: A lady called on her one day, when her eldest son, perceiving that the visitor's new hat would make an excellent tail for his kite, instantly seized upon it, and soon it was seen waving aloft, the sport of the "upper currents of the atmosphere." "Just look!" exclaimed the old lady, with delight beaming like diamond rays from every wrinkle of her honest face, "just look where those dear creatures have your new hat! Isn't it amusing?" But seeing that the lady didn't exactly admire the use to which her bonnet was put, she "summoned down" her rising indignation by assuring her "that no harm was meant, and that as soon as the kite came down, she would have it back again!" When it was returned—well, no matter. The next time the lady called on Mrs. Brown she wore a calico sun-bonnet, made of "yaller stuff."

A wag entered a store in London, some years ago, which had for its sign, "The Two Baboons," and addressing himself to the proprietor, said:

"I wish to see your partner."

"I have no partner, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir, and hope you'll excuse the mistake."

"O, there's no harm done; but what made you think there were two of us?"

"Your sign—*The Two* Baboons."

A steamboat recently struck a snag in the Mississippi, and being in a sinking condition, the captain rushed into the cabin, exclaiming:

"Gentlemen, by heavens, the boat will sink in five minutes."

A passenger engaged in rolling out a box of specie, roared out, in imploring tones:

"Good gracious, captain! can't you give us ten!"

A pedagogue relates a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell hostility.

"H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat.

"Not horse-tility," said the teacher, "but hos-tility."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day, not to say hoss? Be jabers, it's wan thing wid ye one day, and another the nixt."

While Dr. Johnson was courting his intended wife, in order to try her, he told her, that he had no property, and moreover he once had an old uncle that was hanged.

To which the lady replied that "she had no more property than he had; and as to her relatives, although she had never had one that was hanged, she had a number that *deserved to be.*"

"Out of darkness cometh light," as the printer's devil said when he looked into an ink keg. The imp's expression may be taken with an allowance. It depends very much upon the use the ink is put to. If used to blacken the face of the *Daily Confounder* or the *Evening Cockscrow*, the light, to say the most in its favor, would be exceedingly opaque.

Rev. Thomas Williams and the famous Dr. Emmons, mutually agreed to write each other's funeral sermon, and did so. Mr. Williams read his sermon to Dr. Emmons a few years before his death. Dr. E. objected to the eulogy as too strong. "*Be still, be still,*" said Mr. W., "*you are a dead man!*"

"Are you fond of novels, Mr. Jones?" "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner a lover of literature. "Have you," continued the lady, "ever read Tom Thumond—a Year?" "No, madam; I never read so many in my life."

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